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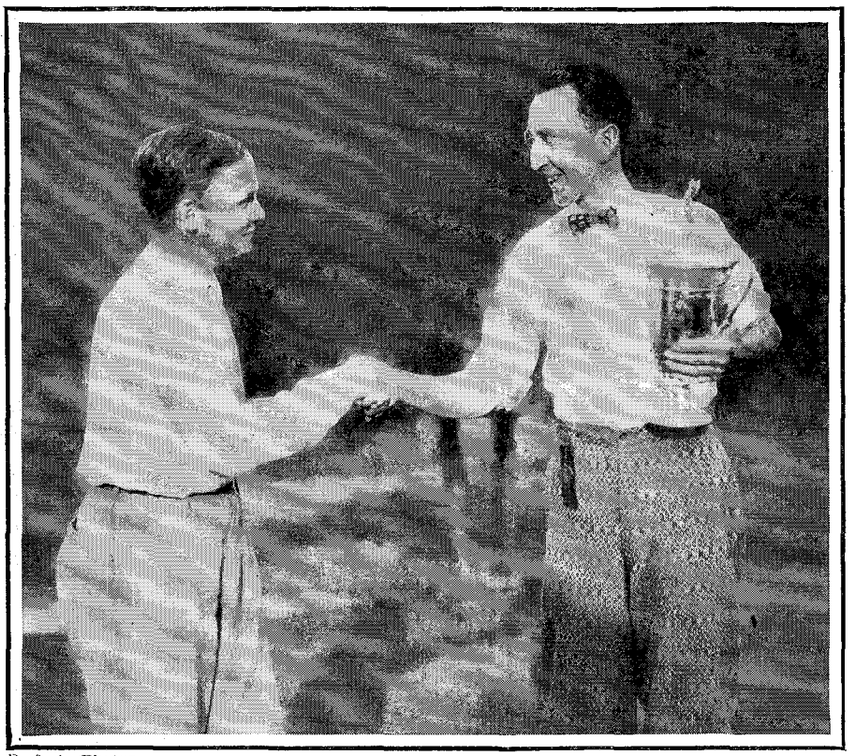
The Outlook

Volume 140 June 17, 1925 Number 7

The Blue Ribbon of American Golf

DURING the week ending June 6 the blue ribbon contest in the world of American golf came to an exciting and unprecedented conclusion at Worcester, Massachusetts. This was the annual "open tournament," in which both amateurs and professionals are eligible to compete. In the elimination play about ninety golfers qualified for the competition, among them, of course, the leading professionals and amateurs of the country. After two days' play in terrific heat of four rounds of the course —that is to say, seventy-two holes— "Willie" Macfarlane and "Bobby" Jones tied at 291 strokes, and therefore had to play off the tie the following day. This score was itself remarkable, for it is only three strokes over an average of four for the seventy-two holes, and that on a hilly and difficult course. Ordinarily such ties are decided in one additional round of eighteen holes, but not so in this case. On Friday morning in the play-off Jones and Macfarlane both made seventy-five for the eighteen holes. They therefore had to play another eighteen in the afternoon, when Macfarlane won by a margin of a single stroke. A remarkable round of thirty-three for the second nine holes enabled him to win the coveted title of open golf champion in the United States.

Macfarlane, a Scotchman by birth, is a man of thirty-six years of age, and learned his game in boyhood near the city of Aberdeen. Robert Jones is only about twenty-one, and learned his game in Atlanta, Georgia, under the tuition of one of the best professional teachers of golf that Scotland ever furnished to this country. The contest was at medal play—that is to say, it was decided, not by the number of holes won, but by the number of strokes played. A careful checking up of the cards of the two contestants shows that, while Macfarlane played the 108 holes that were necessary to decide the championship in 438 strokes to Jones's 439 strokes, yet if they had been playing match play Jones would have ended three up on Macfarlane.



P. & A. Photos

"Bobby" Jones and "Willie" Macfarlane shake hands after their heroic battle

For length, closeness, and machine-like skill of play there is nothing in all the annals of golf to compare with this three days' contest between the young American amateur and the mature Scotch professional. Both are to be congratulated—Mr. Macfarlane because his victory under these circumstances will add much to his reputation, and therefore to his finances as a teacher of golf; and Mr. Jones because he now holds a record for skill, stamina, and self-control which has rarely, if ever, been equaled by any of the great golfing deities of the past on either side of the Atlantic.

There has been much discussion in golfing literature as to the comparative merits of match and medal play. Unquestionably match play affords the most pleasure and is the ordinary game to be indulged in by both amateurs and professionals. But medal play is the supreme test of accuracy and judgment. A man may take ten or a dozen strokes on a single hole at match play and yet win the match. A bad hole of this kind at medal play would put him hopelessly out of the running. Medal play, by the way, takes its name from the fact that in the old days at St. Andrew's, in Scotland, there was annually played a round of the course by strokes for the gold medal of the club.

A Question of Fact

IN the course of comment on the meeting of the International Council of Women, held a few weeks ago in Washington, The Outlook referred to the incident of Negro singers refusing to perform and of Negro women leaving the auditorium because Negroes were segregated. We expressed the opinion that this action indicated poor judgment. We supposed at that time that there was no question of the fact of segregation. But it now appears that there is, one side asserting it and the other side denying it.

We have a letter from Herbert J. Seligman, Director of Publicity for the National Association for the Advance-

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ment of Colored People, containing the following:

> Before the concert was to be held, as part of the entertainment of the International Council of Women, the colored women heard rumors that there was to be segregation in the audience. They not only approached officers of the Council and received what they believed were satisfactory assurances that there would be no segregation, but they took the precaution of issuing a public warning that if segregation were attempted they would withdraw from the programme. Under the circumstances, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People cannot agree with you that the colored women's withdrawal from the musical programme was ill-timed or that it displayed poor judgment. What better time could there be for a protest against race segregation than at the very moment that slur is being cast?

A letter from Mrs. Philip North Moore, President of the National Council of Women of the United States, indicates that the assurance was given the colored women that there would be no segregation, and she asserts that there was none. Mrs. Moore says:

> The report of the tickets returned for redemption by colored citizens after the retirement of those singers is as follows: 51 tickets at 50 cents; 132 tickets at $1; 20 tickets at $1.50; and 48 tickets at $2. All of the above were scattered with the exception of a block of seats in the balcony, sold solidly to one colored person. These figures prove that the agreement of the President of the National Council of Women was protected and suggest that the withdrawal may have been premeditated. . . . There were many colored women scattered throughout the audience, the representatives of the Colored Federation being especially well placed by the National Council. The incident was regrettable; all the more if, as seems possible from the above statement, the action of the singers or their advisers may have been planned.

The question of whether there was or was not segregation is one on which The Outlook is not called to pass judgment. We reassert our opinion that, in either event, the "protest" was ill-timed and ill-considered. It did nobody any good, and it may have injured many.

The New Solicitor-General

WILLIAM D. MITCHELL, of St. Paul, Minnesota, has been appointed Solicitor-General of the United States, to succeed James M. Beck, resigned. Mr. Mitchell was one of the first men prominently mentioned for the position. As President Coolidge delayed making the appointment from week to week, other aspirants were more discussed. The delay, however, was probably not due to any uncertainty on the part of the President as to whom he would appoint, but to a desire to leave Mr. Beck without the embarrassment of a designated successor before he actually retired. Mr. Beck made his resignation effective upon the appointment of a successor, but it was known that he felt some interest in remaining at his post until the end of the term of the Supreme Court.

The new Solicitor-General has, in the real sense, no public record. He has been an exceptionally able lawyer, a partner for some years of Pierce Butler, who is now a Justice of the Supreme Court. If not an avowed Democrat in politics, he has had strong Democratic leanings. He was, however, a supporter of President Coolidge in the last campaign, when Minnesota Democrats largely joined forces with the Republicans to avert the menace of La Folletteism.

Mr. Mitchell comes to the office of Solicitor-General following a line of able men. Indeed, it is hardly too much to assert that during the greater part of the time for a number of years past there has been more ability in the office of Solicitor-General than in that of Attorney-General. Both John W. Davis and James M. Beck displayed a genius for the exceptionally important work of the office. Mr. Mitchell will find unusually high standards set for him, but there are good reasons for believing that he will measure well up to them. Legal ability rather than a public record is the prime requisite.

Mr. Beck retires to private practice with a record of service second to that of no man who has held the office of Solicitor-General. He held the second highest post in the Department of Justice during the incumbency of Harry M. Daugherty as Attorney-General, when Americans generally were not proud of that Department. But he kept his work almost wholly independent of that of the Attorney-General, and no stigma of the Daugherty scandal attached to him. He remained throughout one of the most highly respected of all public servants in Washington.

What Is Restraint of Trade?

IN so far as the attempt to prevent by the Sherman Act wrongful combinations in restraint of trade or wrongful competition is a failure, it is not because of the principles of the act itself, but because of the difficulty of deciding whether or not the facts proved in any particular case do actually show that the law is violated.

Thus in the two decisions lately handed down by the United States Supreme Court (one involving the Cement Manufacturers' Protective Association, the other the Maple Floor Manfacturers' Association) the Supreme Court, with three Justices dissenting, enters into elaborate analysis of the activities of each of these two unincorporated associations, made up in membership of nineteen and twenty-two manufacturer corporations, respectively. The Court finds that these combinations are legitimately useful in several ways which do not offend the purpose of the Sherman Act, such as interchange of information about markets, credits, supply, and even prices. It does not find convincing evidence of any agreement or understanding among the member corporations (which are at least nominally competitors) for the fixing of prices or the maintenance of prices, or any joint effort to compete unfairly as against non-member corporations.

One Justice, to be sure, Mr. Justice McReynolds, declares that the appellants have adopted various expedients to defeat the law and yet avoid punishment. "Pious protestations and smug preambles but intensify distrust when men are found busy with schemes to enrich themselves through circumventions." Mr. Chief Justice Taft and Mr. Justice Sanford dissent also, but content themselves with a brief assertion that the evidence brings these cases within the rules laid down in two previous decisions.

If we liken these decisions to those of a jury, we may say that this supreme jury finds by a vote of six to three that the alleged culprits are not guilty. Rarely, indeed, are Supreme Court decisions so completely occupied with inquiry into the facts and the meaning of the facts. It is evident that to bring about a wide-reaching change in trade combinations the Sherman Act should more explicitly define just what sort of thing is allowable to associations of manufacturers and what sort is not. It

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In the trial much opinion dwells

(Troilus and Cressida, Act I, Scene 3)

Winsor McCay in the New York Herald Tribune

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David and Goliath

From Elinor C. Woolson, Naugatuck, Conn.

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

"Rubbish!"

From C. W. Hall, Akron, Ohio

Sykes in the New York Evening Post

Hope springs eternal

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Donahey in the Cleveland Plain Dealer

"It's out of me beat, but I'll keep me eye on it, just the same!"

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is very improbable that Congress will undertake such an intricate and puzzling task. Meanwhile skillful lawyers will continue to so guide the activities of corporations acting together that if there be price-fixing or unfair competition those things will come about indirectly and remotely rather than by indictable acts.

"A Thrilling Adventure"

SOME six months ago or more The Outlook editorially asked the question, "Is America at the dawn of a religious awakening?" As a partial answer it called attention through a series of articles by Kenneth I. Brown to evidence of a modern renaissance in religious faith as opposed to creedal dissension. One conclusion the author drew from his inquiries and talks was that young people regard as unimportant the differences that exist to-day as to ritual, ceremony, or church organization.

A notable illustration of the prevalence of this idea among those who believe that religion in its external form is in evolution as truly as is physical life has just been afforded in the acceptance by the Park Avenue Baptist Church of New York City of Harry Emerson Fosdick as its pastor on a plan of making the church liberal and all-inclusive as to church membership. The storm of ecclesiastical dissension has beaten about Dr. Fosdick as a Baptist pastor of a Presbyterian church, but his personal attitude is not one of contention but of emphasis on faith, character, and Christian life. Always he holds out the ideal that it is not what dogmas one believes about Christ, but how much one can be like Christ, that is of moment.

In his first sermon before his new congregation Dr. Fosdick in a characteristic way gave out a creed that none can deny and few will have the self-esteem to attempt to improve. He said:

> They were heckling Jesus about religion, and one of them finally asked what the greatest law was, anyway. Then the Master saw his chance. Then he turned on them and into the triviality of their questioning he projected a few great words that the world never has forgot: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. . . . Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And Mark's Gospel tells us, "No man after that durst ask him any question."

When Abraham Lincoln explained the reason why he, a profound admirer of and believer in Christ, could not join any church of his day because of creedal limitations, he quoted as his private creed just that passage, and in telling the story Dr. Fosdick commented: "What do you think Jesus would have done? Do you really think that he would have kept

Wide World Photos

Harry Emerson Fosdick, D.D.

Lincoln out? No; surely you cannot fit Jesus into the idea of an exclusive church where people are kept out on non-spiritual grounds."

The Pay Envelope is Solvent

SAVINGS banks, as the Federal figures show, increased their holdings of saved money by the substantial sum of $500,390,000 in the year ended April 1. Twelve months had swelled the deposits some seven per cent. What, then, about the cry of evidently genuine alarm from the President of the International Typographical Union? President Lynch says that the worker must be protected against the bland assaults of the high-pressure salesman, or America will become a nation of debtors.

Does the one picture flatter or does the other detract? Or can both be correct? Can the workingman stuff money through the receiving teller's window with one hand while he signs his pay away to the wily door-to-door solicitor with the other? That is exactly what he can do, his name being legion. Workingmen (not all, but some) can mortgage their future comfort on the installment plan, while workingmen (not all, but others) keep the receiving teller busy overtime.

Human nature is diverse, within labor circles as outside them. One thing indeed holds true both of those menaced with debt and of those menaced with incipient capitalism. They receive pay enough between them to supply occupation both to the savings bank force and to the canvasser. Firms did not expend their money on mileage books to send canvassers out to the spring wheat belt at the time when farmers there needed shoes and had forgotten the very smell of gasoline. The installment plan was not for such as these. It flourishes in rich ground.

The warning issued from the headquarters of the typographers may well serve a wholesome purpose. But it should not lead us to conclude too hastily that a break-back mortgage is piling up on the pay envelope. To prove that the earner tends to come out ahead on his year's budget there are the savings bank figures, and an examination of the summaries of the stock books of some of the big utility companies, published not long since, reveals increasing numbers of wage-getters of every sort among the stockholders.

Others besides the speculator in pay-envelope futures rate the workingman as financially sound.

The Fruit of the "Plattsburg Idea"

THOSE who dropped their civilian work to take part in the first military training camps sponsored by Leonard Wood and promoted by men who were gravely concerned over our defenseless situation have a right to look back upon their experience with peculiar pride. They were material for an experiment which proved of inestimable value when the country entered the World War. They were the advance guard of a new system of education and training which will long, we believe, have an important place among our Governmental activities.

These early Plattsburg camps served, not only the men who trained there, but also the officers who did the training. The Regular Army learned many valuable lessons as to the best methods of turning raw civilians into soldiers in the shortest time possible.

This year the camp system, which had

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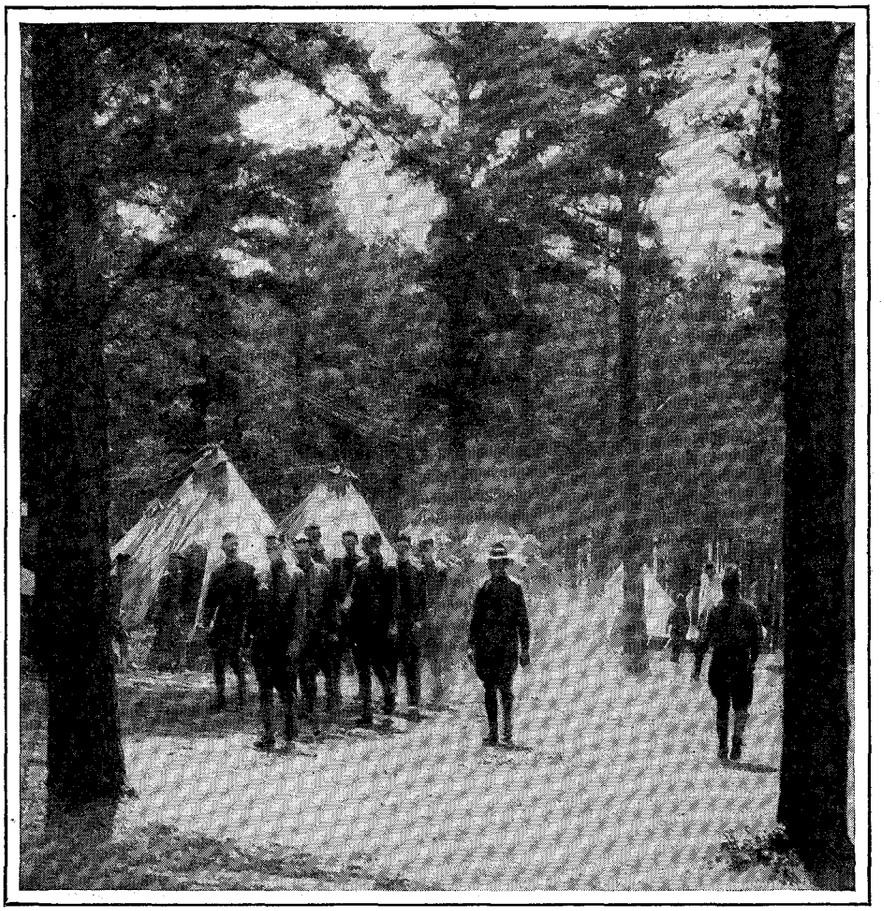
its birth in Gettysburg and its early youth at Plattsburg, will probably care for 35,000 men eager for the physical and mental benefit to be derived from the military training provided by the Government. The camps are so well distributed that the citizens of all sections of the country will have due opportunity to attend. There are camps in Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Minnesota, Colorado, Arizona, Oklahoma, Texas, Utah, Wyoming, California, Washington, and Porto Rico.

The course as it is now developed provides for a progressive training over a period of four years. Those who first camped and rested in the familiar pine grove at Plattsburg, which our illustration depicts, or wallowed in the mud of a neighboring field will rightly read this roll of camps as the symbol of an achievement which their foresight and initiative made possible.



Signal Corps, United States Army

On the way to the athletic field at the Plattsburg Citizens' Military Training Camp

No Place for Mockery

THE graduation exercises at Annapolis and West Point have a deeper significance than the graduation exercises at our civilian colleges. At civilian universities the young graduates are, to use the words of the typical commencement orator, "on the threshold of their careers," but what these careers will be remains largely undetermined. At Annapolis and West Point the great majority of the graduates have already made their life choice, and that choice is a career of public service. Educated at the expense of the country, they dedicate themselves to serve their country.

That is why the proposal of Secretary Wilbur to permit a motion-picture actor to interject himself into the solemn ceremony at Annapolis struck the President and the country as peculiarly inappropriate. The President declined the opportunity to hand out a fake diploma to a fake graduate in order that a motion-picture concern might add the last touch of realism to its product. It seems to us that the President's decision ought to have precluded the possibility of Secretary Wilbur's taking over the rôle which the President declined. A rôle too undignified for the President might well have been considered too undignified for the Secretary of the Navy. The value of our naval service can be brought home to the people of the country by other means than the commercialization of its ceremonies.

A Rebuke to Jingoism

A STINGING rebuke to the "jingoes" of the Navy was the most striking if not the most important feature of President Coolidge's address to the graduating class of the Naval Academy. He was talking directly to the future commanders of the American Navy, but he was talking also to officers long in the service, to retired officers even, and to the American people. To that audience he said: "I feel that the occasion will very seldom arise, and I know it does not now exist, when those connected with our Navy are justified, either directly or by inference, in asserting that other specified Powers are arming against us and by arousing national suspicion and hatred attempting to cause us to arm against them."

If there may have been members of the graduating class who failed to draw the correct inference from the President's words, it is not likely that the significance of what he said escaped many of the officers already in service. To very few of those officers did the President's utterance carry a rebuke, but the lash must have fallen keenly upon the comparative few who have asserted that a specified Power is arming against us, and that we ought to arm against it. These few will probably not be less assertive than before, but Naval officers generally, and the youngest ones particularly, will probably take a sober thought of the pernicious quality of the jingo.

The President's rebuke to jingoism was a part of his exposition of his belief that the United States cannot rely for security upon armament alone, or even mainly. He called attention to the fact that no nation has ever been able to arm itself strongly enough to prevent attack, and asserted that he can see no reason why the United States should be regarded as an exception. One of the strongest attributes of all peoples, he said, is a desire to do right, and, he continued, unless we lay our course in accordance with this principle "we shall make no progress and be of no benefit to ourselves or to any one else."

There was not in the President's speech anything that can be construed—

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or hardly misconstrued—as a lack of appreciation of the United States Navy as an instrument of peace. "As such," he said, "it cannot fail to secure adequate support from the public treasury and command the confidence and admiration of the American people."

The graduates of 1925 will be made better naval officers and the people generally, urged to take more rather than less interest in military affairs, will be better supporters of the Navy of the future if they pay attention to the President's address.

The Four Powers Security Pact

As compared with the deceased and not very much lamented security pact of the League of Nations, the proposed treaty between four Powers—England, France, Belgium, and Germany—has the enormous practical advantage of being a connecting link between the Governments concerned, which are responsible for its execution directly, instead of being a theoretical assertion of power in the League of Nations which does not in fact exist there as an actuality and could not be applied except with the consent and desire of the Great Powers when an emergency arose. The plan that has been abandoned undertook to impose penalties which amounted to coercion on any nation which should refuse to accept the League's arbitration when the other party to the dispute asked for that arbitration and without any reference to the merits of the actual case.

The agreement which seems to be at the point of being established at Geneva relates to definite and stated matters in which the signatory nations are concerned. It has its origin in a suggestion put forward by Germany for some kind of a guaranty compact as between these nations. The statement came from Geneva on June 9 that M. Briand, representing France, and Mr. Chamberlain, representing England, both Foreign Ministers, have reached a complete accord on important points involved and that the probability of the completion of the treaty is strong.

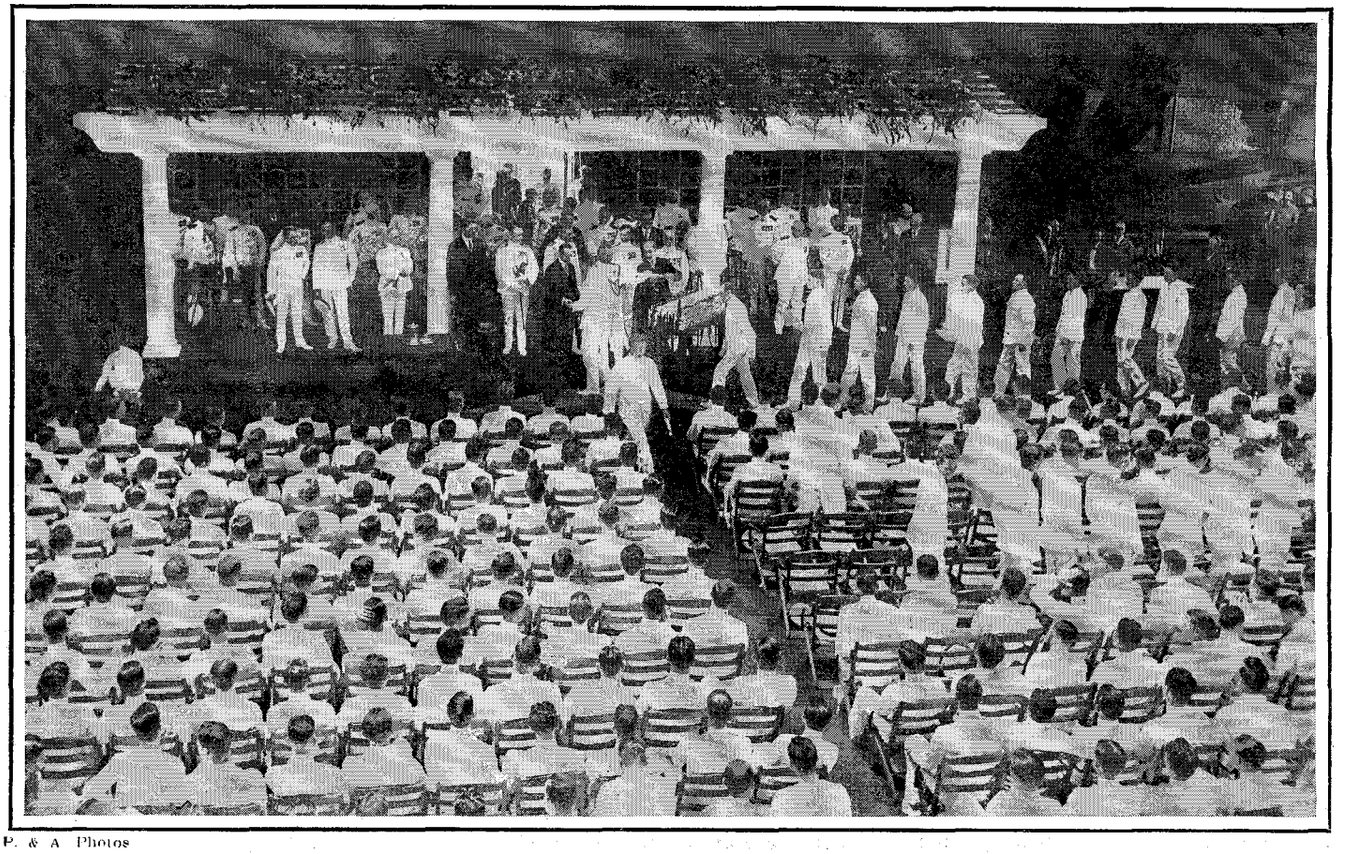
Great Britain and France are willing to support the Rhine frontier as against any aggression across the Rhine district—indeed, they already, it is believed, have an obligation to this effect in the Versailles Treaty, but that undertaking is so phrased as simply to protect France against German aggression. In order to satisfy Germany as a proposed member of this compact, the agreement must be as against aggression from either direction.

The pact to which we have referred shows that the Foreign Ministers of Great Britain and France are agreed on this point, and there is little doubt that the other members of the proposed pact will acquiesce.

It does not seem quite as sure that an agreement has been reached on the question of the protection of the eastern frontier of Germany. In fact, the attitude of Great Britain at the Geneva conference seems to indicate unwillingness to offer guaranties on the east, and the reason for this is said to be the feeling that the British Dominions are indisposed to stand committed to take action in the interior of Europe except as between France and Germany. If this part of the compact becomes an actuality, it is expected as its chief result to secure tranquillity and peace between Poland and Czechoslovakia.

Italy has not yet been asked to become a party to the proposed treaty, because she is not directly concerned in the Rhineland matter, but her informal approval will probably be asked and received.

M. Briand is reported by the press, on the attainment of the agreement between Great Britain and France, to have described it as "a perfect *entente* attained in the peaceful and impartial atmosphere



P. & A. Photos

There are no fake graduates in this picture

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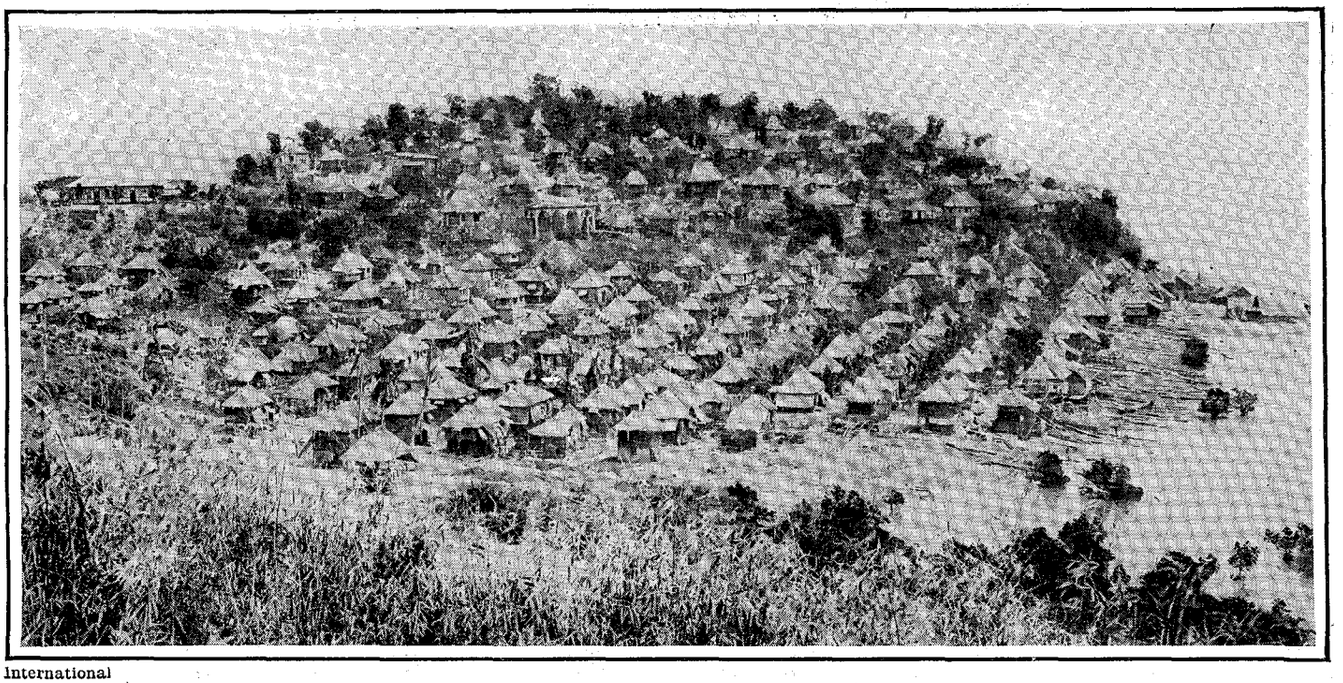

International

The leper colony at Culion, in the Philippine Islands. It is such stricken communities as this which General Wood hopes to make utterly a thing of the past

of Geneva." And the correspondent at Geneva of the Paris "Matin" declares that this "is the greatest diplomatic event since the war." On the other hand, English papers are disinclined to express an opinion until complete results are obtained, and their comments range from one that "a century of isolation is ended," to the expression of a Labor paper that "Mr. Chamberlain has in our name undertaken responsibilities which we may be called upon to fulfill with blood."

Unamiable Germany

CANNING said a hundred years ago that—

> In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
> Is offering too little and taking too much.

Substitute "German" for "Dutch" and "treaties" for "commerce," and the distich hits the present situation. When the Germans, with Hindenburg presiding at a Cabinet meeting, read the Inter-allied military note, according to the non-official reports they angrily declared that they must have this, that, and the other, no matter whether they agreed to the contrary in the Versailles Treaty or whether the Allies have or have not just cause for their demands. One thing, and one only, the Germans were sure about—the Cologne zone should at once be evacuated by the Allies. According to a Berlin correspondent, Mr. Spewack, of the New York "World," the Council maintained that Germany would organize its army as it saw fit; that it would not dismantle munition factories unless it was compensated; that it must have some big guns, so that if war came there would be trained artillerymen; that of course the present defensive army must be so organized as to be capable of expansion in case of war. If there was a single thing in the Allies' demands that the Germans accepted, graciously or ungraciously, we have failed to note it. They offer nothing, they want everything.

The military note of the Allies has been made public. It includes a detailed statement of Germany's failure to observe her military engagements undertaken under the Versailles Treaty; demands that reductions and changes be made in the army and the "security police;" that big plants like the Krupps be destroyed so far as they are easily adaptable for making heavy war material; and insists on compliance with other accepted conditions, on the ground that the defaults, unless promptly rectified, would in the aggregate enable the German Government eventually to reconstitute an army modeled on the principles of a nation in arms.

The Fight Against Leprosy

A MOVEMENT has been begun by Governor-General Wood, of the Philippines, for the eradication of leprosy in the islands. He has asked for a voluntary contribution from the people of the United States of $1,000,000—a small sum, considering the importance of the work undertaken—to supplement the money that the insular Government can provide. The American Mission to Lepers, with headquarters in New York City, believes that if General Wood's appeal is promptly met it will stimulate a world offensive against the scourge. General Wood, in his appeal, said:

> I believe we are on the verge of great results in the treatment and care of leprosy, but we need help. We are working not only for the lepers here, but for lepers all over the world, and our success will be theirs as well. The insular appropriations for the colony are about one-third of the entire public health appropriation. Nevertheless we need more money, and the insular Government cannot give more.

Very few of the lepers in the Philippines are Americans. Of the six thousand or so segregated on Culion Island when the latest available figures were compiled, only five were Americans. The majority are native Filipinos, but they are wards of the United States, entitled to all the protection that can be given them. "It does not seem proper," as the wife of a leper doctor recently pointed out, "that a rich country like America should have lepers under its flag without providing for them." Probably the needs will be met later by appropriations made by Congress, but for the immediate future they must be met, if at all, by individual donations.

Contributions to the Philippine leprosy

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relief fund should be sent to the Bureau of Insular Affairs, Washington, D. C.

Britain's Air Service to India

THE announcement made recently by Colonel Edwards, Deputy Director of the British Air Ministry, to the effect that a bi-weekly air service from London to Bombay would in all probability be an accomplished fact before the end of next year opens another chapter in the long story of the road to the East.

It is a story that has its beginning in the mists of tradition, when the camel train wound its way month after month and year after year from oasis to oasis, and finally over the gigantic barrier of the Hindu-Kush on to the plains of the Punjab. Later came the effort to find the road by way of the sea, the result, after many baffling failures, being success, when Vasco de Gama brought his battered ship to rest off Calicut in 1498.

The next chapter contains the story of the East India Company, the "John Company," still so great and powerful in the days when Charles Lamb was working in the India House. In those days the great East India merchantmen, sailing by way of the Cape of Good Hope, took from six to seven months to make the voyage. With the coming of the steamship this time was quickly cut down to a third, and with the opening of the Suez Canal even that time was halved. To-day the P. and O. boats from London make the trip to Bombay through the Suez Canal in twenty-two days, and now comes the announcement from the Air Ministry that in a very short time a regular air service, following most probably, high up in the air, the old caravan route of the ages, will make it possible to travel from London to Bombay in less than a week. Certainly, as a famous British statesman once remarked, the world is "shutting up like a telescope."

China's Anti-Foreign Movement

IT is impossible to find an easy or, from a Western point of view, a wholly satisfactory explanation for the general strike and anti-foreign riots that have swept Shanghai and disturbed the foreign settlements of other Chinese cities during the past ten days. Certainly at no time since the Boxer Rebellion in 1900 has the status of Occidentals in China been less secure than at present. That fact has been apparent for several months. The Shanghai uprising has been merely the latest and most aggressive evidence of an unrest against foreign interests that has manifested itself in Peking and Tientsin in the north, in Foochow and Canton in the south, and in the cities of Chungking and Chengtu in the western province of Szechuan.

Of the immediate cause of the disturbances in Shanghai there has been only the most inadequate explanation. Early in this year, in the Japanese-owned cotton mills of Shanghai, there occurred a most serious strike, in which nearly 40,000 workers are said to have participated. With the exception of the Hongkong strike of 1922, this Shanghai walkout was perhaps the most significant in the recent history of labor in China. Of the forty-nine cotton mills in Shanghai, twenty are owned by Japanese firms, and of the twenty-four that are Chinese-owned several are known to be dominated by Japanese interests. Four mills in Shanghai are controlled by British concerns.

Industrial conditions, particularly in the Japanese and Chinese mills, are anything but satisfactory. The Japanese, in fact, have established mills in China largely because of the fact that labor is so much cheaper than in Japan. Of the working forces in the cotton mills of Shanghai, it is estimated that approximately eighty per cent are women and children. Conditions in these mills, Soviet propaganda against foreign economic exploitation of China, and a particularly strong resentment against Japan led to the strike early in February. Later several of the striking Chinese were haled before the Mixed Court—set up in Shanghai to try cases relating both to foreigners and Chinese—and sentenced to imprisonment.

Aside from the injustice that may have been done in this particular instance, it cannot be denied that Soviet influence has been a potent force in preparing the way for such an outbreak. The Soviets, when they sent Karakhan as their Ambassador to China, proposed to capitalize Chinese unrest for their own ends. Western treatment of China—particularly the maintenance of extra-territoriality—coupled with the rising spirit of nationalism among the student classes made this a comparatively easy undertaking. The surrender of Russia's claim to extra-territorial privileges, although that surrender meant little sacrifice to the present rulers of Russia, served to provide the students with the proof they desired of the sincerity of the purposes of Karakhan and those whom he represented. With this as a start, the Soviet Embassy in Peking became in reality a propaganda center from which the ingredients of rebellion against the Western Powers were sent out to constitute open revolt. This active agitation and the Soviet leanings of the Kuoming-tang Party of Sun Yat-sen brought on anti-foreign demonstrations, particularly against Christian missionaries, before the Shanghai outbreak.

China and the Powers

BUT more fundamental even than the Soviet attempt to foment unrest in China, as in the whole East, is the fact of the declining prestige of Western nations among the Chinese themselves. The Washington Conference appeared to inaugurate a new era in relationships between China and the Western Powers. But the agreements of the Washington Conference relating to China have not been carried through to completion owing to the fact that favorable action of all the nations signatory to the Nine-Power Pact was necessary, and, up to the present time, France has not ratified that pact. One of the measures advanced at Washington for the economic rehabilitation of China was a customs reform, which would have allowed the Chinese to increase the customs tax. This reform, with others, has been held up because of the failure of France to ratify the agreement. And with this postponement of action the suspicion among intelligent Chinese of the real purposes of Western nations has steadily increased.

Leadership in this nationalistic movement in China has been largely in the hands of the student classes. Since the nation-wide boycott of Japan in 1919 and 1920, inaugurated by students, the student consciousness has been steadily increasing. The intense patriotism of these young Chinese and the reverence of all classes of Chinese for the *intelligentsia* have served to make the student influence one of the most potent and probably the only nation-wide nationalistic force in the country.

With little question, the present situation calls for a most critical survey of the policies which Western Powers have followed in China. It is far too easy an

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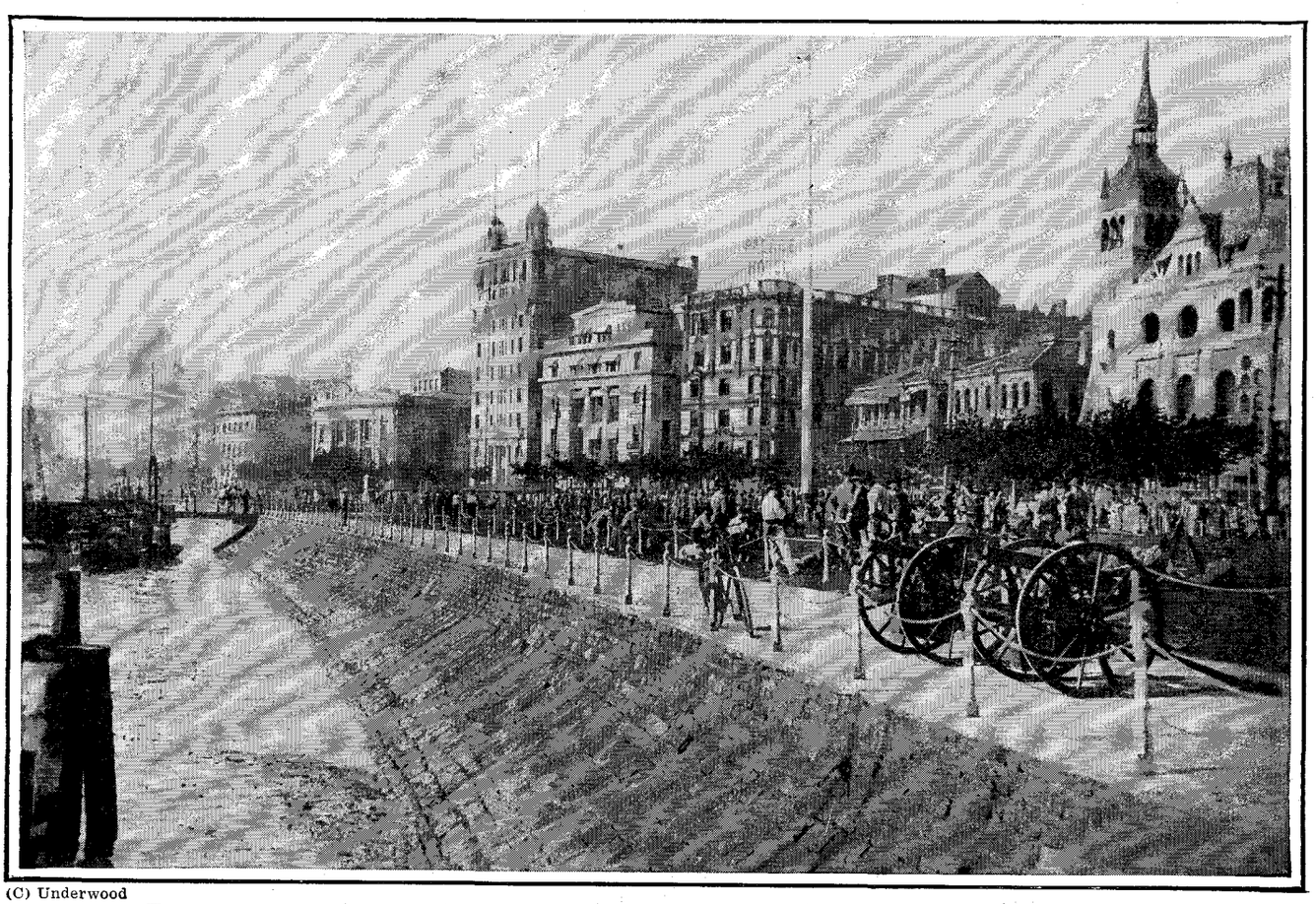
explanation to lay the entire blame on the Russian Reds, however exultant they may be at developments. There is a great deal in the history, even the recent history, of the dealings of the West with China that indicates the inevitability of this outbreak. Further hostility toward foreign influence certainly will not be met by gunboat diplomacy, however effective force may be for the immediate protection of the lives and property of foreigners. Prompt action of a more constructive sort, however, is demanded if China's faith in the Powers, and, most important, in the United States, is to be maintained.

Grouping by Function

THE transfer of the Bureau of Mines from the Department of the Interior to the Department of Commerce is probably the forerunner of more extensive readjustments, by Executive Order, for the purpose of attaining greater economy and efficiency in the transaction of Government business. There are several indications that something of the kind is in prospect. One is that Secretary of the Interior Work, in the statement he made approving the transfer of the Bureau of Mines, said that he expects the Department of the Interior to acquire from other departments some agencies dealing with public lands and public works. A more significant indication, perhaps, is to be found in the recent address of Secretary of Commerce Hoover before the United States Chamber of Commerce, in which he drew a severe indictment of the present lack of orderly arrangement in Federal departments. Secretary Hoover was, of course, speaking for himself, but it is not unlikely that he reflected to a considerable extent the views of President Coolidge. A member of the Cabinet would hardly have used the vigorous language that Secretary Hoover employed without knowing that the views expressed coincided measurably with those of the President.

Some of the transfers which appear to be in contemplation can be made by order of the President. For others there must be specific action by Congress. Probably the Administration will go as far as it discreetly can go toward readjustment of functions by Executive Order. There is a fairly clear line between the transfers that may be thus made and those that must await Congressional action. There is little room for doubt that President Coolidge was clearly within his rights in taking the action he did in transferring the Bureau of Mines. The power appears to a layman to be clearly granted in the organic act of the Department of Commerce, and Attorney-General Sargent found that it is technically granted. The conclusion is far-fetched which finds a similarity between this transfer of a whole bureau and President Harding's transfer, in the Naval oil lease matter, of a specific administrative function definitely conferred by Congress upon a particular officer of the Government. The question of whether or not President Harding exceeded his authority in transferring that function from the Secretary of the Navy to the Secretary of the Interior is still to be decided by the higher courts, but if the judgment of the lower court—the United States District Court for the Southern District of California—is sustained, it will apparently have little direct bearing on the transfer of the Bureau of Mines.

The placing of the Bureau of Mines in the Department of Commerce appears



(C) Underwood

The water-front at Shanghai. A corps formed by the European residents is shown en bivouac on the Bund

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clearly to be in the interest of efficiency and the prevention of waste effort. There were important duplications of work. Secretary Work pointed out no less than eight such duplications, all of them large. Some of them were in the field of research, some in the gathering of statistics, and still others in the rendering of direct service to business and industry. Practically all of this duplication will be eliminated under the new arrangement and a considerable saving of public money should result.

What other transfers are in contemplation, immediately or remotely, by Executive Order or by Congressional enactment, can only be guessed at, and that, perhaps, not expertly. One statement made by Secretary Work, however, gives an inkling as to some of them. The transfer of the Bureau of Mines, he said, "opens the way for the transfer to the Department of the Interior of bureaus from other branches of the Government administering public lands and public works." This would indicate that a plan is under consideration for transfer to the Department of the Interior of all bureaus and offices having primarily to do with public land administration. A part of such a general transfer could be made by Executive Order. The other part could be made only by acts of Congress. A part would undoubtedly be wise. Another part might be open to question as to its wisdom.

Secretary Hoover, while holding grouping by function to be the supreme need, said that it would be as foolish to try to put in one department all activities having anything in common as it would be to put all typewriters—or all airplanes—in one department. That statement is worthy of consideration. The regrouping should be made, undoubtedly, by fundamental and not by incidental function. And there are difficulties in the way of drawing such a line.

An illustration of these difficulties is to be found in Secretary Work's statement concerning Government agencies for administration of public lands. It might be considered that the Forest Service, which administers millions of acres of public lands, is included in the group of activities which Secretary Work expects to see transferred to his Department. But, while administration of public lands is a function of the Forest Service, there is a question as to whether or not it is the fundamental function. The Outlook has believed that the primary function of the Forest Service is not administration of public lands, but the growing of a crop—forest trees—for orderly harvesting. That is, fundamentally, an agricultural function, and we have believed that the Forest Service should continue as a bureau of the Department of Agriculture. That conviction we still hold, but there are clearly conflicts if not duplications because of the division between the Department of Agriculture and the Department of the Interior of the duties of public land administration.

It is no easy matter, here or in other branches of the Government, to find just where the line of paramount function runs. Yet it is urgently necessary that the line be surveyed and the boundaries marked. There is now a closer approach to harmony than at any previous time recently between the heads of the various departments, and, working in harmony, they can solve most of these knotty problems. If Congress discovers a sympathetic attitude toward the project, there can be brought about a readjustment of Federal agencies which would save more millions of dollars to the taxpayers than a prudent man would venture to write down in advance.

Movie Manners

SIR HENRY IRVING once gave a lecture on "Macbeth" at one of the universities. Referring to the fact that, on the death of the King, the crown descended to Macbeth, he said that this did *not* happen in conformity with the well-known principle of "stage law" that "if a man dies without leaving a will, then all his property goes to the nearest villain."

The actor was quoting one of the most acute treatises on the drama ever written—Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's "Stage Land." Because this work is humorous, the fact has escaped some persons that it is also profoundly discerning and truthful. Another of its precepts of stage law is this: "The evidence of one prejudiced witness, of shady antecedents, is quite sufficient to convict the most stainless and irreproachable gentleman of crimes for the committal of which he could have had no possible motive. . . . But this evidence may be rebutted, years afterwards, and the conviction quashed without further trial by the unsupported statement of the comic man."

A faithful observer of the movies is led to formulate certain articles of belief which seem to be embedded firmly in the bosoms of all moving-picture directors. They are:

That rough and uncultured men, like firemen, miners, or detectives, are invariably reverent in the presence of death, and immediately and unanimously take off their hats as anybody passes away.

That fathers always seem to recognize their children, even if they have never met them before, and are drawn to them by a mysterious attraction.

That Irishmen without exception are merry and virtuous.

That Englishmen may occasionally be noble, provided that there is in the same film an American who is still nobler.

That all clergymen, of whatever sect, wear shovel hats.

That Englishmen of rank always have drooping mustaches and monocles.

That palm trees may be found growing in the streets of Boston and New York.

That Westerners are about eighty-five per cent more virtuous than Easterners.

That the very air of the West is conducive to morality, and that a youth who is a chronic gambler or forger in the East may have his entire moral nature uplifted by going to live on a ranch or otherwise getting into the great open spaces.

That the chief occupation of the South Sea Islanders is watching devastating fights in dance-halls.

That the ethical status of house-servants may be determined on sight, since the Irish and the Negro ones are always on the side of the angels; while English butlers, Japanese valets, and French maids are aiders and abetters of snobbery and vice.

That some nerve or muscle connects the lips of a flapper with her left foot, causing her to kick out backwards whenever she is kissed.

That the most potent influence on the conduct of man is the soft-collared shirt, which, if open at the neck, and without a tie, causes him to behave with unexampled heroism and magnanimity.

That the most delicious and never-too-often-to-be-repeated spectacle is the face of the heroine, enlarged to twelve feet wide by twenty-two feet long, with glycerine tears as large as croquet balls rolling slowly down her cheeks.

That marriage ceremonies can be performed only by Episcopalian clergymen.

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That an anæmic college professor, stoop-shouldered and near-sighted, can be so aroused in behalf of an insulted woman that he will stand up to a tough of the size and accomplishments of Jack Dempsey and knock him senseless with one well-directed punch.

That New York "society leaders" are all white-haired women, with sneering expressions and diamond necklaces.

That at balls given by the "younger set" nobody dances at a speed less than sixty-five miles an hour.

That the big business men of America are all hard-faced old rascals who chew violently on cigars and sit around tables in board-rooms. Their only occupation is to summon splendid young men, six feet tall, and send them to some distant region to oppress the poor natives. That they fly into terrible rages when the young men win the hearts of their only daughters, but are instantly mollified and reduced to a mush of sentimentality on hearing the news that they are going to become grandfathers.

Fact or Fiction?

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THE other day I found on an out-of-the-way shelf of a country house a volume of essays by Sir Leslie Stephen entitled "Hours in a Library." Its pages, yellowing with fifty years of age, have apparently been very little exposed to the light of the sun or of the reader's eye. There is a pathos in these yellowed pages.

In the latter half of the nineteenth century Leslie Stephen was a leader of an influential set of English literary critics, but his fame is to-day as faded as the pages of his essays. By birth and education he was an intimate of some of the great literary figures of the time. He was, for instance, a son-in-law of Thackeray. He is assured a kind of literary immortality by the monumental Dictionary of National Biography, the conception of which was largely his and the first twenty volumes of which were produced under his sole editorship. He was a great walker and Alpine climber, and once with two friends walked from his Alma Mater, Cambridge, to London, a distance of fifty miles, between sunrise and twilight. What, perhaps, commends him most to the lovers of English literature is that he was an ardent Johnsonian and his Life of Johnson in the "English Men of Letters" series is a model of its kind.

But I did not begin this article with the intention of writing an essay on Leslie Stephen. What I want to do is to call attention to something he says, in his "Hours in a Library," of the literary art, or perhaps it would be more exact to say the literary artifice, of Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe." Defoe, says Leslie Stephen, "had the most marvelous power ever known of giving verisimilitude to his fictions; or, in other words again, he had the most amazing talent on record for telling lies." This is rather harsh language to use regarding realism in fiction. But it must be remembered that the controversy which for many years past has raged between the romanticists and the realists had hardly begun in 1875. In those days all novels were called romances in spite of the realistic art of Jane Austen or the classic and photographic "Annals of a Parish," by John Galt. William Dean Howells, the founder of the realistic school in this country, was criticised because people said his "Lady of the Aroostook" and "Silas Lapham" were so true to nature that it was hard to tell whether they were biographies or romance. At any rate, Defoe, says Leslie Stephen, throws us off our guard by putting into his narrative non-essential details which the literary artist would ignore.

It is a trite saying that truth is stranger than fiction. While I was reading Leslie Stephen's explanation of how Defoe made fiction appear truer than truth there came into my mind the story of an experience which I have heard related many times by a man I know intimately and which combines the meticulous details of real life with the most glaring improbability of romantic tragedy. Somewhat condensed, my friend's story runs as follows:

THE WIDOW

Some forty years ago, when I was twenty-five years old, I had the singular experience of living on shipboard for three months and a half as a fellow-passenger of an Englishwoman, twice my age, whom I knew to be a widow, although she supposed that her husband, to whom she was devoted, was living. An almost incredible chain of circumstances compelled me to keep from her my knowledge of her husband's death. I was bound for London from an Australian port, and chose to make the voyage by sailing vessel around Cape Horn, as the fare was cheaper although the voyage longer than by steamer through the Suez Canal. The period was just closing when the English made long voyages to the Orient by sailing vessel, some of these vessels being fitted out comfortably and even luxuriously for passenger traffic. Our vessel was a bark of thirteen hundred tons, and besides the officers and the crew we had ten passengers, two of them being women. On the sailing day, a Monday morning in May, with passengers and cargo aboard, we pulled out from the pier at which the vessel was berthed, but were compelled to lie at anchor in the harbor by the insurance underwriters while we discharged fifty tons of cargo which had overloaded the vessel so that the Plimsoll mark was submerged. Although there was communication with the city by small boat, the passengers all remained aboard, and I found my seat at the captain's table in the saloon next to a middle-aged lady, who told me, in that rapidity with which shipboard acquaintance begins, that she was Mrs. X; that her husband was a physician practicing in an interior city about fifty miles from the port at which we embarked; that she and her husband were both English, having settled in Australia in their youthful married life; that she was going home to England on some important family business; that her husband was coming to join her later when the business was completed; and that they intended to return to Australia by way of the United States.

On Wednesday we weighed anchor and put to sea. During the afternoon I picked up the morning paper and saw the announcement of the sudden death from heart disease the day before, while we were lying at anchor discharging cargo, of Dr. X, a well-known physician in the interior city from which my table-mate had told me she came. Going to the ship's surgeon—a young Australian physician who was on his way to London to obtain an English degree and, as all passenger vessels were required to carry a doctor, paid for his passage by acting in this capacity—I pointed out the death notice and asked if the dead Dr. X were any relation to our Mrs. X. "Yes," he answered; "but don't mention the matter to anybody until you have talked with the captain."

That evening the captain told me

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the story. Dr. and Mrs. X were people of character and standing. Unfortunately, Mrs. X had become a dipsomaniac. She and her family had done everything they could to break the alcoholic chains that bound her, but without avail. It was finally decided that a long sea voyage, where her access to alcohol would be under absolute control, might cure her. Entirely acquiescent and with an ardent desire to free herself from her slavery, the arrangements on her behalf were made by the family solicitors in the English fashion. If we had sailed on Monday, none of us would have known of her husband's sudden death on the day following her departure from her home. When the catastrophe occurred, a family conference was held, and it was decided, mistakenly I now think, to let Mrs. X continue her voyage as though nothing had happened. Her hoped-for cure was the "family business" on which she was making the journey to England.

For a hundred and two days I walked the deck with her and sat next to her at table, often talking with her about the United States and telling her what places she and her husband ought to see on their journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. She was a devoted mother, I believe, and often talked of her two children and showed their miniatures, which she sometimes wore in an old-fashioned brooch at her neck. She was also a devoted church woman; this I know because on Sunday evenings we used regularly to sing hymns in the saloon, on which occasions I, being the only one who could play, presided at the piano. She was familiar with the English hymnal from cover to cover, and almost invariably at these Sunday evening gatherings—although you may think I am putting this into the story for the sake of what the novelists call "local color"—she used to call for that hymn, I believe by Bernard of Cluny, which, in the translation used in the Anglican hymnal, begins

> Brief life is here our portion,
> Brief sorrow, short-lived care.

This, of course, was a weekly reminder to me of the tragedy that would overwhelm her on her arrival in England.

In making arrangements for her voyage the captain had been told by those in authority that she was to be allowed a ration of one pint of Bass's ale at her luncheon and one glass of spirits and water during the evening if she should ask for it. As a matter of fact, however, she was a total abstainer for the entire hundred and two days. This I learned from the ship's doctor. When we reached Gravesend, at the mouth of the Thames, the solicitors of her English relatives met the ship, broke the tragic news to her, and I saw her go ashore with her face red and swollen with weeping.

I never saw her again. But two or three weeks afterwards, happening to meet the captain of the ship in Fenchurch Street, London, I asked if he had had any news of her. "Yes," he replied; "her relatives here want me to take her back to Australia on my return voyage; but as she has fallen into a worse state than ever I won't assume the responsibility."

Now a question arises in my mind after reading Sir Leslie Stephen's comment on Defoe, Is my friend's story the narration of an actual happening or is it a figment of his imagination which he hopes some time, with appropriate embellishments, to weave into a novel? My suspicion that the latter may be the case is strengthened by the fact that I know he has literary ambitions.

The Romance of Buttermilk and Soda

By DIXON MERRITT

Our Washington correspondent utters a lyric protest and a panegyric of a Southern art

ALMOST I am forced of conscience to recant what I have said about laws prohibiting the teaching of heresy in the schools. If freedom of teaching is to destroy the best there is in a civilization, I am reconciled to being less free—and better fed.

An article in my own paper, no longer ago than last week, has brought me this doubt. Hermann Hagedorn made a pilgrimage to the Berry Schools in Georgia and wrote about it for The Outlook. In the first paragraph he wrote this:

". . . April woods—beautiful, innocent eyes, seraphic singing—will in the memories of the Berry Pilgrims of 1925 always be mingled in some confusion with baking-powder biscuits and Georgia fried chicken and angel-cake."

If they are teaching baking-powder biscuits at the Berry Schools, then is our Southern civilization indeed toppling to its fall. If your Yankee millions given for Southern education are bringing us that, please take your money back. Or, if that is impossible, let never another nickel trickle down to us. We had rather remain ignorant to the crack of doom than be thus despoiled. The loss of the crowning glory of culinary art is too high a price to pay for book-learning. Take it away!

Still—is it possible that there may be hope of remaining both free and well fed in the South? One phrase in the sentence quoted from Mr. Hagedorn gives me a glimmer of optimism. "Mingled in some confusion," he said. There, Heaven grant it, is the saving clause. An outlander is, truly, like to be confused by Southern moonlight and maidenhood and biscuits and the even-song of the mocking-bird and mingled sweet odors of rose and the bloom of the wild grape. "Some confusion!" The eyes may have been innocent. I have heard even natives tell of such things in the South. But I am ready to wager my first finger dexter and my middle finger sinister—which are my typewriter fingers—that the biscuits were not baking-powder biscuits.

BUTTERMILK-AND-SODA biscuits! That is what they were. And day is more like night, virtue more like vice, a hawk more like a hand-saw, and Calvin Coolidge more like a Chinese monarch of the day when the Dragon ruled the Yellow Sea than a buttermilk-and-soda biscuit is like a baking-powder biscuit. One is kitchen carpentry. The other is of the essence of that artistry which nature, in her loving-kindness, puts in the hearts or the minds or the tongues or the fingertips of a people.

One such supreme gift does nature bestow upon every kindred of this earth. Various and far-sundered in kind they are, but each for those to whom it is vouchsafed makes sweet the troubled waters of life which else would be bitter. To Italy nature gave the gift of strumming a guitar and singing a love song to a lady at a darkened window. To France she gave the love of the boulevards and the knack of sauces and salad dressings. To England she gave the passion of the seven seas, of "a tall ship and a star to steer her by." To Germany she gave a pipe and a pot of beer. To the Yankees she gave the faculty of making money and giving it away for the uplift of the benighted. And to the

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South she gave, in the fingers of its women, the miracle of buttermilk biscuits.

It is a gift, I know, that has been condemned. Hot bread, hardly less than whisky and tobacco and an inordinate fondness for pocket-pool, has been held responsible for a weakening of the physical and moral fiber of men. But the condemnation, I dare assert, has come from those who do not know how to make it. For the buttermilk biscuit becomes a vile thing in profane hands. More than anything else on earth, it resembles the little girl who had a little curl right down the middle of her forehead. When it is good, it is better than the dream-food of the angels. When it is bad, it is more horrid than the nightmare medicine of the imps. A pinch too much of soda, and it becomes yellow to the eye and bitter to the taste. A pinch too little, and it becomes flat as the top of a table and heavier than a rejected lover's heart. Lacking one turn of enough kneading, it roughens in the baking and has no more consistency than the deliberations of the United States Senate. Just right, it shames the hawthorn bud for whiteness, a cloud bank for lightness, and anything else that mortal man knows of for tastiness.

With nothing but yellow butter, it makes a meal fit for a king—or for anybody else. But to bring out its full flavor and the variety of its affinities for things to eat it ought to have concomitants and a congenial atmosphere. Let us assemble them.

Place—Anywhere from Hagerstown to Pascagoula, from Scotland Neck in North Carolina to Matoya at the pinpoint of Texas, but for choice at the farm that I have called the Place of Large Content, which is at Edenwold, in the basin of Tennessee.

Time—A summer day. Any summer day. This one, let us say. That exact hairline of time between sunset and twilight when the shadows, having grown deep and dark, appear to fade because all that which was light becomes as dark as they. That time when the wood thrush at the edge of the orchard sings the most perfect note that bird throat ever framed and the wood pewee calls good night to the big forest trees; that moment when the shaken sheep bells in the open upland spaces become a carillon of melody.

Characters—A gentleman. Let us call him the Colonel, just by way of concession to a Yankee preconception that every Southerner with a silver-gray mustache is so called. Miss Sue, the Colonel's wife. (Know that a Southern girl does not, just because she marries, cease to be Miss Whatever-her-first-name-is, but continues to be that to those who grew up with her and those who come after them to the end of her days.) Some young people. (Miss Sue is young, too, though she has lived rather a long time.) You. And Minervah. Lucinda, too, but she has no speaking part and never appears on the stage. A simple Southern supper is beginning—no formal affair. The Colonel has not even a carving-knife by his plate. It is summer. Why do hurriedly and with effort at the table what can be done leisurely at a side-table in the kitchen? The meat, whatever it is, will be brought in on the individual plates. But meanwhile—biscuits!

Minervah brings them in covered with a napkin, and only one for each person. They must be eaten hot. Another will be brought when you are ready for it.

Open your biscuit—with your fingers. To open a hot buttermilk biscuit with a knife is no venial fault. It is to sin against yourself. Put in a liberal lump of butter. Bring the two halves of the biscuit together. When the butter has melted so that a little of it appears frothily around the edges, eat of a bread so delicate that it seems to dissolve in your mouth. If Minervah comes often enough with a fresh supply, you are likely to fill up on buttered biscuits. But Lucinda is probably detaining her in the kitchen to help with other things.

Yes. She is coming now, with the plates.

Broiled chicken! With drip gravy! And asparagus! And spoon bread!

Now do not permit the mention of another bread to distract your attention from the biscuits, which Minervah will bring in hot every few minutes. Spoon bread is something else. If you are a Damnyankee, you are likely not to recognize it as bread at all, but to think it is a vegetable. In some sort, it does take the place of the inevitable Irish potato of the Yankee meal. Spoon bread is cornmeal—white. (Yellow corn is horse feed in the South.) And with the corn meal is milk. And eggs. And many things that I do not know about. It is cooked quickly in a heavy iron vessel, piping hot before the batter is put in. You will eat it, and want more. But you will eat biscuits, too, with the chicken.

Meanwhile you will not have neglected the salad. The cucumbers and tomatoes were gathered early in the morning, before the dew was gone, and placed among the watercress where the cold stream from the spring trickles down. No artificial refrigeration in an ice-box! Now, with the cucumbers and the tomatoes and the lettuce, is some of the cress itself. And perhaps a few nasturtium leaves. We do not count it akin to cannibalism to eat the leaves of flowers. We like a spiciness in our salads.

There are more biscuits, of course. And more chicken. But there is also a dish of cold baked ham, sliced very thin. It is of the pack of last year, dry-cured, smoked with hickory wood and corn cobs, ripened through two winters, one whole summer, and such part of this one as is passed. It is ham, but the Yankee who rushes to get his hams eaten before warm weather comes in the spring may not recognize it as such. You will have some of the ham, of course, with a little paprika. And biscuits.

Do you drink coffee? Or tea? Or sweet milk? Or buttermilk? The milk is very fine—with biscuits. I do not like to sound the used-to-be-note, but I do fear that our coffee is not what it once was. That fool-proof contraption known as a percolator has gone a long way toward making good coffee impossible. Anybody can make fair coffee in a percolator, but nobody can make thoroughly good coffee in one.

But, unless her kitchen has been recently innovated, Lucinda has an old-fashioned coffee-pot. She puts in cold water. Then a tablespoonful of coffee, ground not too fine, for each cupful to be made. She puts the pot over a low flame—very low—just as low as a gas flame can be. In about ten minutes the coffee will have caked at the top. It must be stirred down. Perhaps another stirring down will be necessary at the end of another ten minutes. In three-quarters of an hour the pot will be at the point of boiling; but it must not be permitted to boil. One wobble brings out the bitter. Let stand for five minutes; the coffee pours off as clear as old wine. All the grounds in a gallon of it could be safely put in a baby's eye. Yes, despite the percolator, Lucinda still makes coffee.

Preserves? Damson? Or peach? Or pear? Or fig? Or watermelon rind? And another hot biscuit and butter. It is not solely Miss Sue's solicitude that makes you take still another.

The buttermilk biscuit is never renounced by those who once have known it. I have the serene assurance that it abides at the Berry Schools. Miss Martha Berry was born and brought up on the banks of the Chattahoochee. The buttermilk biscuit is safe in her hands. But we have other gifts, we Southern folk, that we ought to be allowed to keep. Please, for our sake and for the world's, do not educate them out of us, dear philanthropic friends. Rather encourage them in us and us in them, as I am sure you are helping to do with the buttermilk biscuit at Mount Berry.

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The Sons of Laughter

By MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

LET us praise God for valiant men, and hail
The sons of laughter. When with sullen cry
The hordes of wrong and death are storming by,
And neither sword nor thunder may avail,
The little spears do mightily prevail,—
Brave darts of mirth and jest, flung far and high
Across the wild lights of a shattered sky
By those sure souls that find no way to fail.

Is the Large Picture Doomed ?

A London Art Letter by C. LEWIS HIND

I THINK that the large picture is doomed in England.

The reasons are few, simple, and final. To begin: it no longer pays a painter to produce such *machines,* as the French call them. The state and civic galleries of London and the chief provincial cities may continue to buy a few, but the private buyer has virtually ceased to acquire large pictures. No new race of merchant princes eager to purchase the "picture of the year," as in Victorian days, has arisen, and the private collectors, a growing class, often highly educated in art, buy with their eyes, not with their ears. That is to say, the collector buys the picture that he likes, not the picture that he has been told to like by a dealer.

THE disappearance of the large picture is to be regretted. A Royal Academy exhibition without a range of historical, classical, military, imaginative, and domestic works of domineering size is apt to be dull. The new cry is, "Abolish subject!" But the men and women who can paint a "pure art" work are very few, and those who rush in to be in the "pure art" fashion are many. By the by, some of the finest art works of the world are subject pictures—"The Surrender of Breda," by Velasquez, for example.

It cannot be denied that many painters in their youth produce large, striking, and often unpleasant pictures, not for art's sake, but to court popularity. Paris has been a greater sinner in this respect than London. But in Paris also the large picture is, I think, doomed. At the Salons last year there were few works of large size to startle, affront, or cause talk at dinner tables, cafés, and in the gossip columns of the press.

HERE in England the disappearance of the large picture may be ascribed to high taxes and the motor car.

The statesmen who introduced our death duties, our super-tax, and our enormous income tax probably did not realize that those burdens would not only increase unemployment in every corner of Great Britain by forcing rich men to curtail their establishments and to renounce such amiable luxuries as picture buying, but that the burdens would also mean that many would be obliged to give up their large town and country houses and move into smaller dwellings, often into flats. The conversion of mansions into flats proceeds rapidly, and it must be obvious to everybody that the walls of a flat do not lend themselves to large pictures. Again, excessive taxation usually causes a deficit in the annual domestic budget. Where there is no margin, luxury trades like painting are the first to suffer.

THEN the motor car. It is so popular that those who have a cash margin prefer to spend it on a motor car rather than on a picture.

The Anglo-Saxon is not usually an art-loving creature, and many individuals prefer the unworthiest of cars to the worthiest of pictures. The other day I was discussing this matter with a dealer; he said to me: "In my father's time a merchant prince at this season of the year would debate with his wife as to whether they should buy a Leighton or an Alma Tadema; to-day they weigh the merits of a Rolls Royce against a Daimler."

What, then, are the former painters of large subject pictures now producing? The answer is, They are painting portraits. Every man of substance likes to have his wife (and himself) limned by one of the fashionable painters of the day. And as vanity will last till the end of time, so will the profitable business of portrait painting. The members of the Royal Academy obtain most of the commissions, because an artist who belongs to that venerable institution is *hors concours,* and can assure his sitter that her portrait will be hung upon the line.

THERE is another reason why, just now, paintings are not as popular as they were.

The public has been scared by the extravagances of the Modern Movement. Usually these pictures are condemned by the elder, official painters and applauded by the free-lance younger critics. The public knows not which to believe, and argues that when experts differ the layman had better turn his attention to something else.

I am tolerably catholic in my art tastes, but I must admit that I feel little pleasure in the work of those artists who take a pride in discovering *le beau dans l'horrible.* There is a school, not a small one, that seems to impose upon itself the choice of an ugly model and muddy color. This is probably only a phase—a reaction against the mere prettiness so current in the Victorian era.

WELL, if the epic—that is, the large picture—is doomed; if portrait painting has become a business; if the school of *le beau dans l'horrible* continues to find recruits, what is to become of the ancient craft of painting?

Things adjust themselves. Since we are beginning to adapt ourselves to small houses, with small wall space, there has arisen a vogue for small pictures—the lyrics. They abound, they sell, they are within the range of the slender purse. The demand for lyrics, to use a term employed in the city, is healthy. This means that for the one man who in Victorian times bought an epic, one hundred to-day are buying lyrics.

Perhaps there is more joy to be obtained from a dawn or a sunset in paint than from a representation of Milton dictating "Paradise Lost" to his daughter.

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El Paso del Norte

A City Built upon Sand, Sunshine—and Spirit

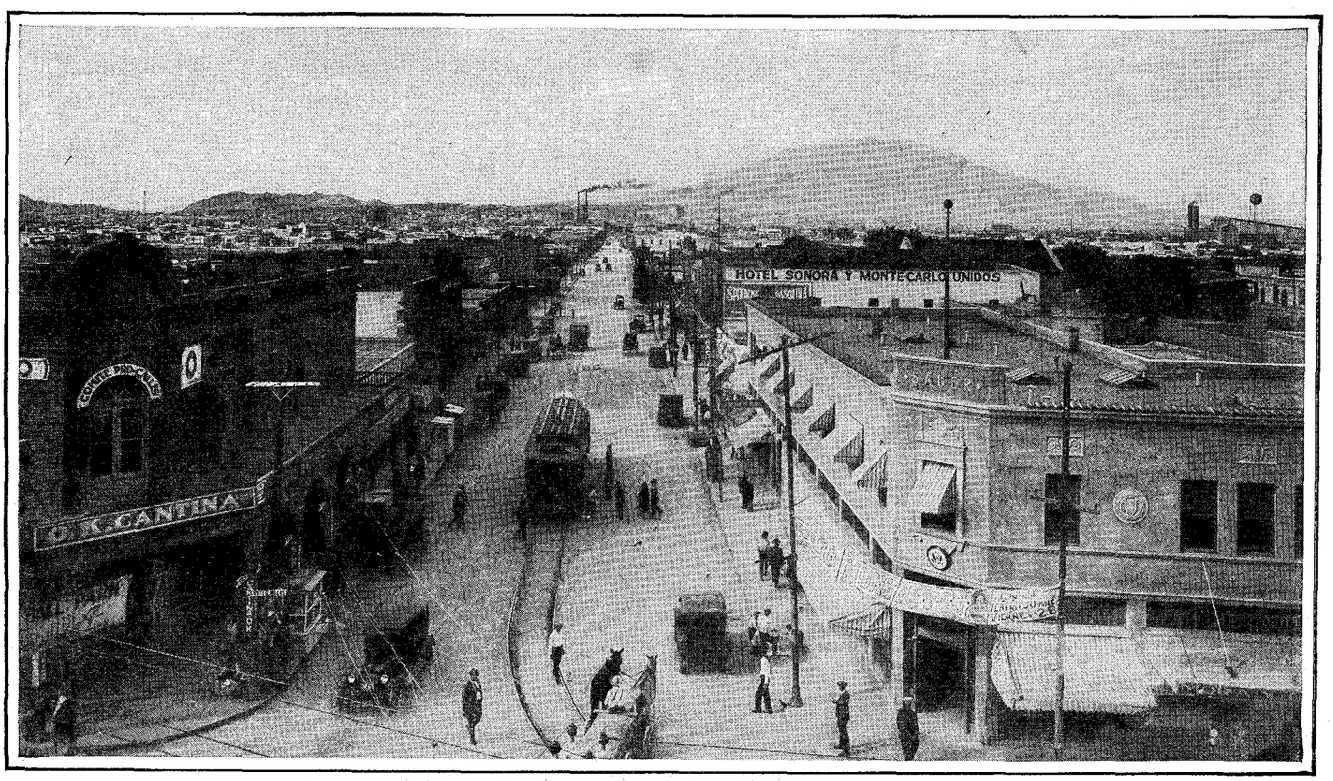
By GEORGE MARVIN

COMING into it from any point of the compass, it is a natural conjecture to wonder what and why is the American city called in abbreviated Spanish "The Pass." Well, in some respects El Paso in Texas is like unto Bagdad in Mesopotamia. Each sits in the middle of a desert and seems at first sight to thrive mainly upon sunshine and sand. For hundreds of miles around the city of Haroun-al-Raschid there is nothing but arid desolation and Arabs and dates, except for the narrow green ribbon of the Tigris-Euphrates' wandering course. And for hundreds of miles around El Paso del Norte there is nothing but sandy desolation and mesquite and cactus and yucca, except for the broad green band of the Elephant Butte "Project" with the silver gleam of the Rio Grande meandering in the midst of it. Ah, yes—something more: mountains, deforested and bleak, but when the sun goes down and in the morning beautiful exceedingly with desert colors of amethyst and rose and misty purple; Sunday mountains of peace, sad a little in their serenity, but with help shining on their summits for dwellers in the plains and desert sojourners who will lift up their eyes unto them.

In the city of the "Arabian Nights" you wonder whence and why come its evidently prosperous being, its minarets and golden domes, its dusky bejeweled beauties gazing from latticed windows, its markets and its caravans, its cafés, its jazz, and its motor cars, all blooming like some tremendous date tree in the Mesopotamian desert. How can a city thrive on sunshine and the sand that the winds of the desert blow whithersoever they list? Bagdad makes nothing itself, but it trades with the four corners of the earth; it trades in wool from Mosul and the Persian tribes, in gum Arabic dropped from the trees of Arabia, in rugs from Turkestan, and in ponies destined for polo in India. And it reaps the gouging profits that have belonged time out of mind to the big business middleman who intervenes and distributes between the producer and the consumer all over the world of business.

Likewise El Paso, doubling its population every ten years in the midst of the contiguous deserts of Texas, Arizona, New and old Mexico, is built on sand and sunshine and foreign barter. But that's not all. The Army helps, and there are the three C's—cattle and copper and cotton. All of these things you can see. Here and there across the plain and the mesa, stirred by priest-like winds, the sand goes up in whirling, "Texas Tommie" columns straight and high, the smoke of many sacrifices to the sun god in the worship of drought. But, though El Paso more than fills the sunshine prescription which has gathered and holds hundreds of its formerly pulmonary best citizens, it could now well spare some of its golden dry surplus of health-bringing sun. All the Southwest needs rain. El Paso has been drier in terms of water than of booze for three years, and for nine months now no rain at all has watered its parched territory away from the irrigation advantages of the Rio Grande Valley. A city which capitalizes the sun and rightly worships it all the year round prays now for clouds to shadow the high blue heavens of Texas, bringing drops that would fall like the quality of mercy upon a thirsty land.

For other varieties of thirst relief is immediately at hand in Juarez, across the river in free Mexico, and thither by night and day pilgrims armed with the necessary identification papers, freely dispensed by the El Paso Chamber of Commerce and the principal hotels, in



Transshipment, official residents, and booze make Juarez the most important Mexican city on the border. Looking down Juarez Avenue across to El Paso

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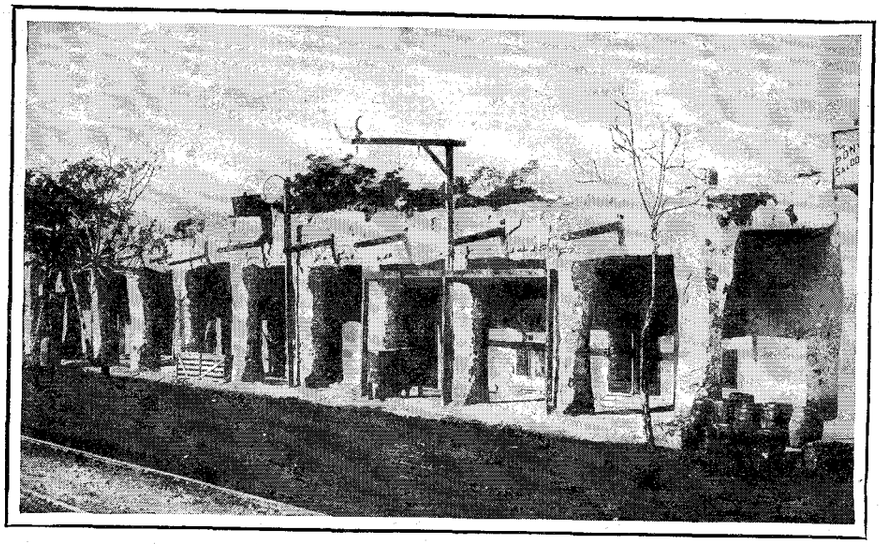

A street in El Paso of forty years ago

processions of motor cars, by trolley, and even on foot, lay their bibulous course over the bridge from Volstead to liberty. The foreign-trade stone in the economic foundation of El Paso is Mexico. In the empirical times of Diaz that stone was comparatively solidly set. El Paso is the one United States city of consequence immediately on the Mexican line, and by reason of the main connecting trunk railroads both sides of the Rio Grande it has long seemed to be—particularly to its own citizens—the logical gateway for international commerce. But for nearly a generation now Mexico, in almost continuous revolution, has been more of a conjecture, an excitement, an entertainment, a dream, than a tangible part of the American border city's substantial assets. El Paso wonders whether it is—

a dream that is dying
Or one that is coming to birth.

The entertainment value of adjacent Mexico is unquestioned. With opera-glasses on the roofs of their office buildings and houses the population of El Paso has watched the taking and retaking of Juarez in much the same mood that crowds in the old Coney Island days watched Kiralfy's lurid "Last Days of Pompeii." Only in El Paso, for a more realistic performance, the seats were free. The Rio really isn't Grande at all; it is only more *grande* than any other *rio* in the arid Southwest. You don't have to be a Washington to throw a stone across it anywhere from the El Paso water-front to the Juarez "bund." In dry weather you can wade across its trickle in several places, though, as one real estate booster said the other day, "it is the only river in the world that runs wet on one side and dry on the other."

It is this peculiarity, reinforced by the righteousness that has smitten the Southwest and the machinations of the labor unions, that makes the crossing of this *rio*, in reality *pequeño*, a matter of some difficulty if one is to pass dry-shod either from Mexico or into its borders by one of the two bridges connecting Juarez with El Paso. Those bridges—one-way viaducts, by the eastern ye shall enter the promised land and by the western find exit therefrom—are gold mines for the United States trolley-car company that owns and operates them, imposing a high tariff upon the argosies of motor cars and the regiments of tram-car riders and pedestrians that daily make the international trip. On week days in the evening those bridges are congested; on Saturdays and Sundays they are as solid as Fifth Avenue at five o'clock on a rainy winter night. Now that a hiatus has occurred in the continuous performance of Mexican revolution, the immediate entertainment value of "Mexico," as an El Paso editor has picturesquely said, is rooted in the fact that it is "the only relatively accessible, reasonably inexpensive, all-year-round, snow-free life-saving station for the arid population of inland United States; in short, cheap Bahamas to which minor Babbitts can come from Kansas by Ford." But Volsteadism and the attendant obsession for enforced decorum have cast their pall across the Rio Grande. The water Babbitts, and the other pilgrims who get ten-day stop-overs on all the railroads entering El Paso, must be disappointed in their various ways. No "guilty, glorious Babylon" on a small scale fills their vacation fancies. The lid is nightly clapped on at nine o'clock, at which hour steel gates swing across northbound traffic on the western bridge. If by that time the roisterers have not made good their retreat, they are out of luck and in Mexico for the night, with the close alternative of jail or the Hotel Bravo to choose between. The Mexican *rurales* are not discriminating. Only the other night they chucked a cavalry colonel from the dry side behind the bars. Sixty-five saloons have recently been closed down, leaving only about a hundred and fifty more to carry on.

The old and traditional Texas of enormous herds grazing over ranches as large as principalities. The readjustment after the war is compelling ranch owners to turn thousands of their former grazing acres into agriculture

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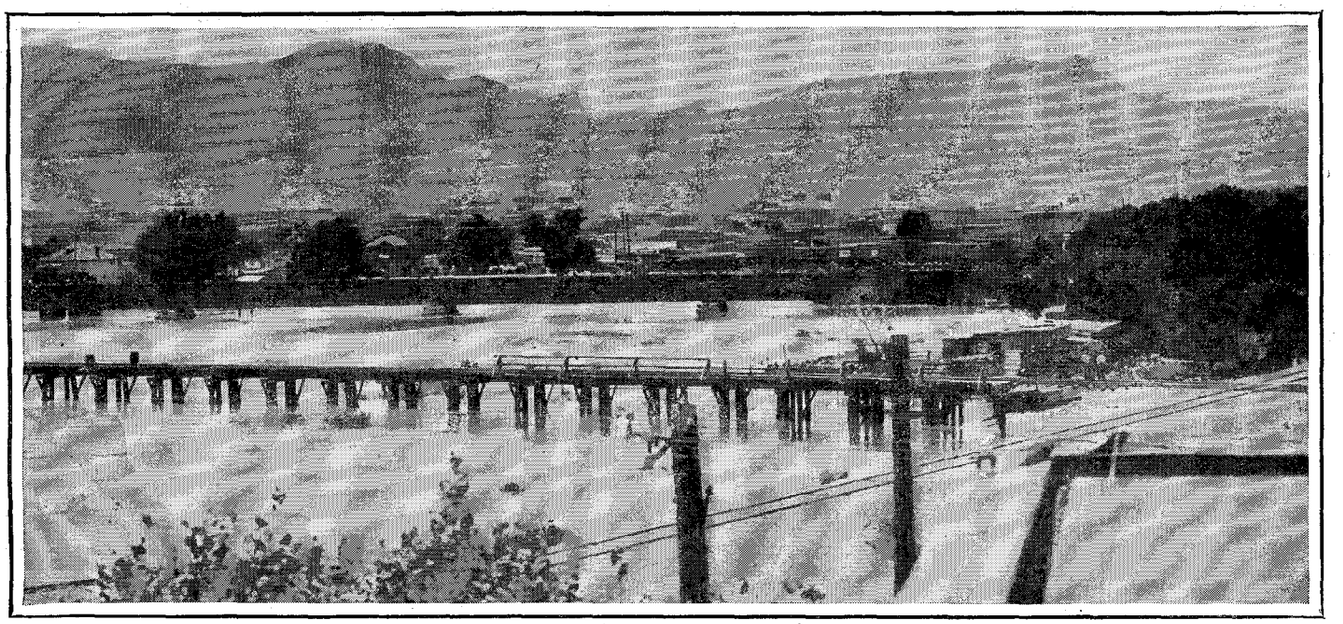

Bridges crossing the Rio Grande at El Paso, taken from the United States side

There is far more discretion than dissipation in Juarez; far more conventionality than crime. El Paso "society" dines there calmly and respectably, oblivious of the *touristas* parked around in nightly anticipation of naughty occurrences. The rosy myth of Kansas is a mirage in the desert; the reality at close range is a brown and dusty town of normal fact and rather more law and order than you will find upon Manhattan.

But Juarez isn't Mexico, and El Paso continues to dream about a Mexico of safe investment and reviving trade, while building up its present measure of prosperity and its new enterprises partly on cheap and efficient and contented Mexican labor. A North American sugar company with offices in El Paso cultivates enormous cane savannahs in the Mexican State of Sinaloa, annually marketing most of its three or four million dollar crop in Mexico. Texas cattlemen, cleaned out of the Southwest by the drought of the last three years, are going down into Durango and other grassy areas of old Mexico for ranges whereupon to breed and graze the beginnings of new herds. The new administration of President Calles is also a hope. Elected on a Red platform—if anything in Mexican politics can be called a platform—in the actual practice of government he and his régime are becoming whiter month by month as they realize that neither government nor the emoluments of government can be long maintained upon platitudes. More conducive than an exchange of commodities to a newer and closer relationship across the Rio Grande is the exchange of ideas. Calles came personally to Tucson for advice from the President of Arizona University on agricultural and mining problems; exchange professorships and exchange scholarships have been instituted; the Military Governor of Chihuahua and his aides motored over the bridge the other day to be present as General Howze's guests at the review of the First Cavalry Division in honor of General Dumont, of the French army. Mexican officials—in Latin terms the generally epidemic righteousness seems to have been contagious across the border—are getting together with United States immigration and customs officers in an honestly co-ordinated effort to check bootlegging over the ineffective barrier of the "Grand River."

Forty-three per cent of the population of El Paso is of Mexican birth, the largest alien quota of any city of approximately equal or greater size in the United States, with Lawrence, Massachusetts, a close second, turning in forty-one per cent on the basis of the last Census reports. They constitute no problem for El Paso; rather are they a continuing asset and a solution of problems. Reasonably they prosper on United States soil, well content for the most part with the beggarly twenty-five or thirty per cent profits which used to satisfy their employers; their children willingly and profitably go to school; and for all of Texas they solve the labor problem—in domestic service, as caddies on the green oasis of the golf club, on the truck farms or in the newly planted cotton fields, in the cotton mills or the seed-oil plants, on the parched cattle ranches or the beautiful broad roads that are making one tremendous neighborhood of the biggest State in the Union. The prevailing myth—in remote sections of this country—about Mexican labor is like unto the "terribleness" hanging over the Turk. El Paso and its three hundred radial miles of trade area find Mexican labor competent, easily managed, and, above all, faithful. Neither El Paso nor the rest of Texas wants to restrict an assimilable Mexican immigration. Bills introduced by labor union agencies to put Mexico on the quota basis are, from the point of view of the Southwest—Arizona and California and New Mexico as well as Texas—not merely short-sighted; they are blind and bigoted. No union labor would go into the cotton or the sugar-beet fields of the Southwestern or Middle Western States, whose industries depend upon a moderate labor charge and the continuance of seasoned labor. In addition to visible sunshine and sand, then, it is easy to see why El Paso is also founded in one way or another upon Mexico.

Equally visible are the additional props of cattle, copper, and cotton; cattle a little sadly, copper retrospectively, cotton prophetically. Some of the cattle you see from the car window lying dead beyond their barbed-wire barriers in the drought-smitten prairies. The "cow" business, the great enterprise which made Texas the kingdom of cattle kings, is almost equally dead. In dying it broke two El Paso banks which had advanced, let us say, $60 on cows that couldn't be sold for $20. As one broken and deposed cattle queen said as she sought solace in the Café Central's jazzy air across the river, "Say, if you put a freight bill on a cow now, you break his back." (The confusion of sex is technical not accidental.) With the cow the cow-man—the inimitable figure, symbolical of the Southwest, preserved in Remington's drawings—is going, if not al-

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ready gone, out of the economic picture though periodically reincarnated in "rodeos." The flivver has supplanted his cayuse and helped to uproot him. He won't stay on the land and attend to his cow-punching. In the older days whenever anything went wrong with saddlery or harness, if the sewing-machine cast a needle or the baby needed some castor oil, the repairs were made or the remedy improvised on the premises, or else the rancher galloped over to the neighboring ranch house and borrowed what was needed. Now he races in a cloud of dust seventy-five miles to the nearest emporium in his motor wagon for trifles and takes in the movies—why not, while he is about it? You can't raise cattle any more than you can plant cotton profitably by absentee management. On the train a few weeks ago one of the several non-resident heirs of Mrs. King, empress of the largest cattle range in the world, traveled reluctantly down from San Antonio to survey his portion of a territory larger than some European states. The days of the King kind of ranch-owners have gone with "the old unteachable kings" that the war deposed. It takes twelve acres of Texas land to keep a cow. The business cannot be profitably conducted on a small scale. So far as the cattle business is concerned, El Paso realizes that the point of liquidation inevitably has been reached and that readjustment must take place, with whatever hardships accomplished. The worst throes of that readjustment are now overpast. Although realized in different terms, it is precisely the same kind of readjustment, attributable to similar causes, through which Havana and Memphis are just beginning to emerge into a healthier and sounder, even if less booming, prosperity. In cattle, as in sugar or in cotton, liquidation was bound to succeed inflation or artificial conditions. For the same reasons as those actuating the citizens of Alabama in erecting a monument to the boll weevil rampant, and with a corresponding grim sense of humor, citizens of west Texas might build an effigy of the "cow" couchant or mordant. El Paso long ago grew away from the status of a cattle town, but didn't know it. It is no longer, either as a social community or as the trade center of an enormous area, geared to cow speed.

Of the three "C's," copper and cotton remain. With rain and the better prices that are bound to succeed the present depression the breeding of beef cattle will revive. Their feeding has always been a good business wherever enough cheap food can be found. Copper, without war, will not again hit the sharp upward curve of ten years ago, but El Paso, in a mining country traversed by ore-hauling railroads, and with the biggest customs smelter in the United States clogging up the very Paso where the border river breaks through the desert mountains, ought to be partially copper-riveted and sanguine of its fair share of the business in the other minerals exploitable in its territory.

Cotton is the new thing, born since the war, and with cotton the other agricultural wealth of the Rio Grande Valley, made possible by the Elephant Butte "Project," must be counted in. This most extensive Federal irrigation project, brought about through the agency of El Paso enterprise, redeems territory in the Mesilla, Rincon, and Palomas Valleys, tributary to El Paso. Cotton, planted for the first time commercially in 1917, was cultivated in 1924 over an area of 72,000 acres, bringing in a crop variously estimated in value as between eight and ten million new dollars. In the continuous sunshine and high, dry air of the "Project" brother weevil thrives not at all, and cotton bolls in consequence are gathered to the average of nine-tenths of a bale an acre.

All of these things, then—Mexico and cattle and copper and cotton—for him who hath eyes to see are discernible as valid reasons why this American Bagdad thrives in the sunshine and sand of its apparent desert. Something more remains, unseen. Born of sunshine and its nearly four thousand feet of altitude, El Paso and its mesa border-lands enjoy a climate that cannot be bought, but may be sold. El Paso sells it.

Solace for Schoolmasters

By Howard Bement

Ho, schoolboys!
Read of your transatlantic cousins and rejoice

SINCE my earliest youth the English public-school boy had been my despair. The stories of English school life that I read as a boy presented him as a paragon of athletic prowess and intellectual strength—a young Apollo with the mind of Minerva. I saw him through a kind of golden haze, enthroned on some far-off Olympus, to be worshiped from afar by such a creature of earth as I knew myself to be. Hero worship has always been my pet weakness.

When I began my career as a teacher and came into—shall I say violent?—contact with the American schoolboy, the despair with which I regarded his English prototype was only intensified. I compared my daily struggle to penetrate the solid ivory ranged before me with the inspiring opportunity presented to Eton and Harrow masters as they led their responsive protégés through the flowery meads of learning. My boyhood impression of the English schoolboy not only remained with me, but also became more fixed. I remember vividly two experiences that left me more in despair than ever.

EARLY in my life as a teacher I felt the call to contribute to a waiting world a new edition of Lamb's "Essays of Elia." I prepared the material for the volume with meticulous care, and then, fearing it might not be perfect, I sent it to my Professor of Rhetoric at the University, requesting that he note any errors whether of form or content. Now, in writing the brief biography of Lamb that was part of the introductory material I had said: "At Christ's Hospital young Charles showed a marked proficiency in Latin; even at the early age of twelve he was writing excellent Latin verse." This seemed to me an amazing thing, and well worth noting even in so brief a biography as was demanded by the narrow limits of my Introduction. I remembered all too well my own struggles with Latin *prose* composition—struggles that were continued more or less ineffectually up to my nineteenth year, when I was a sophomore in college; and here was an English schoolboy of twelve dashing off Latin verse "with one hand tied behind his back," as it were. What was my chagrin, therefore, when the manuscript came back to me from my former teacher! In the margin opposite my awesome reference to Charles's feats of Latin prosody there was written: "Cut this out; every one knows that all English schoolboys write Latin verse."

I should have known it—those English

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paragons! Yes, of course they were all Latin poets; and that which I ascribed to Lamb's peculiar brilliance was only a bit of faded luster reflected from the sun of intellectual achievement that daily rose and set over the classrooms of England.

Soon afterward I began to teach the sixth form, and found that part of my pleasant duty was to lead reluctant youth through the brilliantly facile and superficial pages of Macaulay's "Life of Samuel Johnson," a "classic" taught in nearly every well-regulated high school curriculum owing to its being prescribed for college entrance. All who have studied the "Life" will remember Macaulay's flowing periods on page 2, wherein he characterizes young Sam as a student of Latin: "But he had left school a good Latinist; and he soon acquired [he was seventeen at the time], in the large and miscellaneous library of which he now had the command [his father's bookshop], an extensive knowledge of Latin literature. That Augustan delicacy of taste which is the boast of the great public schools of England he never possessed. But he was early familiar with some classical writers who were quite unknown to the best *scholars* [the italics are mine] in the sixth form at Eton."

Here was a double dose of despair: "Augustan delicacy of taste" imparted to "sixth form *scholars*." Sam, poor boy, might have missed the taste, but he knew and reveled in "obscure Latin authors," and on the first day of his residence at Pembroke College, Oxford, "surprised his teachers by quoting Macrobius." English paragons all—both pupils and instructors! What a joy to teach at Eton or Harrow or Rugby or Winchester, where masters are demigods of pedagogical prowess and where boys are young heroes, overcoming with ease the stern obstacles of vocabulary and syntax! "Augustan delicacy of taste!" Ah me!

And then I went to England, and during term time I visited Eton, Harrow, Rugby, and Winchester. The shock of pleasurable surprise I felt at seeing Winchester boys in sedate cap and gown, of amused surprise at seeing Eton sixth-formers at high noon in decidedly maculate "swallow-tails," and Harrow boys in their quaint straw hats and light-blue jackets—these shocks were as nothing when compared with my reaction at noting the boys themselves. There was nothing Olympian about them. They were just boys, the living counterparts of hundreds I have been in daily association with at home. They were tall and short, old and young; some were pimpled and some were in sad need of a hair-cut; some were not overclean of hands and face; some were finely set up, clear-eyed, intelligent fellows. Yes, all in all, they were—though I could hardly believe it—just boys.

But the old preconceptions of my boyhood died hard. "These lads," I said to myself, "look like our common American product; but wait till you fathom their minds. Then you will note the difference, the vast difference, between these sons of an age-old culture and our American sons of a superficial one. These boys come from historic country estates, where intellectuality is a tradition and where Latin and Greek accidence are imbibed with their mothers' milk. Don't judge by externals."

It was as I hoped—or feared, I hardly know which. I sat at luncheon in the great hall at Eton, that magnificent vaulted chamber hung about with oil paintings of famous old Etonians; men who had wrought and fought for England; men of the army and the navy, of the cloth and of the woolsack; men whose dim and grim visages had looked down, some of them, on generations of Eton boys to serve for example and for precept. I had deserted the dais where my friends were dining and had sought out a seat among the boys, for I wanted to know what only the boys could tell me. At my right sat an intelligent, bright-eyed lad of the upper sixth. I began to question him about his course of study, and learned that he was reading as a schoolboy the Latin I had read as a college sophomore. Gradually I drifted around to the question nearest my own field of interest.

"Tell me," I said, "how much time per week is devoted in the sixth form to the study of English composition—to spelling, punctuation, sentence structure, and all that sort of thing."

He answered me with that air of offhand, easy assurance that is so characteristic of our well-born English cousin; but he could hardly conceal the tone of hurt pride as he said: "Oh, we don't spend any time on that sort of thing here. We are supposed to know how to spell and punctuate when we come up from the preparatory school."

My despair at the English schoolboy then and there reached its zenith; and my mind flew back all too easily over the years during which I had labored with American sixth-formers over the simplest essentials of orthography and punctuation. I thought of the reams of themes I had read in which blithering nonsense prevailed; themes in which arrant absurdities of form and matter had joined to provoke a saving laugh. I thought of that handsome, stupid boy of years ago (he sleeps in France to-day) who had written on his final examination, "After Shakespeare had borne his wife three children, he separated and went to London." I thought of that College Board examination on which was written, in an essay about a mad dog, "The dog dashed off down the street, emitting whelps at every bound." I thought of these and other absurdities as I sat in that old Gothic hall of Eton; and as I remembered the offhand answer of my table companion I felt that I must give up my profession and seek a field not so thickly strewn with grim discouragements.

But I am still a teacher of English. I was saved to the profession, for its weal or its woe, by two subsequent incidents that befell me in England. From Eton I went to Oxford, and there, a guest at Balliol, I met a tutor of the College, a Fellow of All Souls. He took me about the University, pointing out its features of historic interest and rare beauty, and answering, between times, a volley of questions. Among others I put one that seemed wholly innocent and quite incidental, little thinking that the answer thereto was to be portentous.

"From what public school do your best-prepared boys come?"

His answer was instant and brief, "From Winchester."

"What about the Eton boys?" I asked.

"An attractive lot, on the whole," he replied. "They are gentlemen; but they know jolly little about such simple essentials as reading and writing. They can't even spell, many of them."

I think my guide never fully understood the ecstatic whoop that burst from me. It must have seemed absurd to him that an American schoolmaster should exhibit almost insane delight at a simple characterization of schoolboy deficiencies. He could little know how his casual rejoinder had filled my soul with hope. These English boys seemed, externally, like our American lads; if it were true that the similarity extended beneath the surface, I could take new heart in facing the endless routine of trying to eradicate wretched spelling and worse grammar. The tragedy with me lay not so much in facing a difficult task; it lay rather in the haunting thought that there was some subtle method of instruction, some elusive theory of procedure, that others had and that I had missed; and also in the thought that I was doomed to work with a cruder raw material than the English schools were set to fashion.

And then I went to Harrow—and was saved. There, for the first time, I visited an English public-school classroom; and

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there I found the real balm for my jaded soul. It was an "unprepared" in English literature. Forty boys were seated erect on the plain board forms before the plain board tables that serve in lieu of our better-ordered desks. As I looked into their faces I felt as though I were back in my own classroom, so like were these English boys to the general run of my American pupils. The master, an Oxford graduate of twenty or more years back, a man of personality and charm that instantly commanded my admiration and respect, began most informally the recitation.

"I shall read you," he said, "a brief selection from the book I have in my hand. I shall read it not once, but twice. Pay strict attention, for you will be asked some questions on the selection when I have finished."

Then he read, without further preface and without giving the selection a title, the legend of Ogg, son of Beorl, from George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss"—that little tale of the ferrying of the Virgin across the river; and he read it beautifully, in a deep, resonant voice; read it slowly and with a swinging rhythm to which the quaint language of the old legend was an invitation. I can hear him reading now:

"Ogg the son of Beorl was a boatman who gained a scanty living by ferrying passengers across the river Floss. And it came to pass, one evening when the winds were high, that there sat moaning by the brink of the river a woman with a child in her arms; and she was clad in rags, and had a worn and withered look, and she craved to be rowed across the river. And the men thereabout questioned her, and said, 'Wherefore dost thou desire to cross the river? Tarry till the morning, and take shelter here for the night; so shalt thou be wise and not foolish.' Still she went on to mourn and crave. But Ogg the son of Beorl came up and said, 'I will ferry thee across; it is enough that thy heart needs it.' And he ferried her across. And it came to pass, when she stepped ashore, that her rags were turned into robes of flowing white, and her face became bright with exceeding beauty, and there was a glory around it, so that she shed a light on the water like the moon in its brightness. And she said—'Ogg, the son of Beorl, thou art blessed in that thou didst not question and wrangle with the heart's need, but wast smitten with pity, and didst straightway relieve the same. And from henceforth whoso steps into thy boat shall be in no peril from the storm; and whenever it puts forth to the rescue, it shall save the lives of both men and beasts.' And when the floods came, many were saved by reason of that blessing on the boat. But when Ogg the son of Beorl died, behold, in the parting of his soul, the boat loosed itself from its moorings, and was floated with the ebbing tide in great swiftness to the ocean, and was seen no more. Yet it was witnessed in the floods of aftertime, that at the coming on of eventide, Ogg the son of Beorl was always seen with his boat upon the wide-spreading waters, and the Blessed Virgin sat in the prow, shedding a light around as of the moon in its brightness, so that the rowers in the gathering darkness took heart and pulled anew."

THERE was a hush over the class when the master finished, nor was the fixed attention released as, with equal effect, he read the simple moving tale a second time. If any mind in that room was wandering, it was mine. I was watching the auditors during that second reading, and was wishing that all American boys could be exposed to great literature through such a contact as these Harrow boys enjoyed. The second reading finished, however, there was a brisk command, "Pencils and paper, please, and answer the questions I shall ask.

"One," he said, "give a title to this selection.

"Two. This selection is from a novel called 'The Mill on the Floss.' Who wrote it?

"Three. What other novels did the same author write?

"Four. Write down some adjective that seemed to you to be used with especially happy effect"—and so on until a dozen or more searching questions had been asked, most of the remaining ones requiring both memory and critical taste.

Then followed a reading and discussion of the answers, the boys being called upon in turn. And then followed my golden hour—my release, once and for all, from the English schoolboy prodigy fetish. In answer to the second question only three boys out of the forty could name George Eliot as the author of "The Mill on the Floss." Only one boy of the three could name another work by the same author, and that boy referred to George Eliot as a man. The questions involving memory and taste were, on the whole, well answered, but no better, I felt sure, than they would have been answered by the boys of my own classes. It was the most heartening hour I ever spent as a teacher, for I realized that boys are pretty much of a piece wherever they are found, and that the much-touted English schoolboy is probably no better nor worse, intellectually speaking, than his much-maligned American cousin.

Nor was this the end of my comforting. Two months later I was in Arles, at the quaint little Hôtel du Nord. There I fell into conversation one evening with an attractive English artist and his charming American wife. They had long been residents of Paris, but their son was in one of the great English public schools. It was inevitable, when they learned I was a teacher, that the conversation should drift into a comparison of the English and American schools—the endowed schools that make a business of preparing for college. I was not long in being made aware of the belief of both the English father and the American mother that their son was very badly off indeed at his English school. Cricket was an easy victor over the classics, and rugby had a clear field in competition with mathematics. Good manners seemed to be of more import than good morals, and, to lapse into an American figure, the side-shows seemed to be swallowing up the main tent. All this sounded so familiar that I almost thought myself back in America.

When it came to direct comparisons, these generous-hearted English friends awarded the palm unreservedly to the American private schools. They did so, too, with full knowledge of what our American schools are, for Mrs. L——'s father and brother are both graduates of a prominent New England church school, and one of her nephews is at present enrolled in the same institution.

WHEN I rose to go to my room, I felt that I had spent a pleasant and profitable evening, and that I could go back to my teaching with renewed zest and courage. After all, Macaulay was a great master of hyperbole; and personally I don't believe that all English schoolboys write Latin verse—at least, not *good* Latin verse. I know now that many of them can't spell or punctuate any better than my "lame ducks;" but they are well-mannered little cubs, and most of them have delightful speaking voices and a charming "English accent."

Addison closes some of his "Spectator" essays with, "It will not be amiss to conclude this paper with a quotation out of ——." It will not be amiss to conclude this paper with an anecdote of the late John Meigs, told (so I am informed) with some unction by Dr. T——, the head master of one of our great preparatory schools.

At a meeting of the Head Masters' Association the representative of a Southern school was reading a paper on "How to Interest Boys in the Study of Latin." He set forth his method, and in defense of it expatiated in glowing terms on the remarkable results he se-

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cured. His boys loved their Latin; *they* wrote Latin verse that was easy and vigorous and made sense; they spoke Latin in the classroom—and out of it; they were unhappy when long parted from their Cicero or Virgil. The reader finally concluded his paper in the midst of a discouraged silence, to which every depressed head master present contributed a liberal share. Dr. Meigs and Dr. T—— left the room arm in arm, nor was the silence broken until they had walked some distance. Then Dr. T—— tonelessly remarked: "That was the most discouraging paper I ever heard. I can't get my boys to love Latin; they can't even tolerate it. I feel as though I were a rank failure. How do you account for that man's brilliant success in inspiring his boys to be real Latinists?"

"I'm not discouraged," said Dr. Meigs, as one of his famous smiles lit up his face; "the answer to your question is easy—the man is just a plain liar."

Our Rubber Bill Stretches

By SILAS BENT

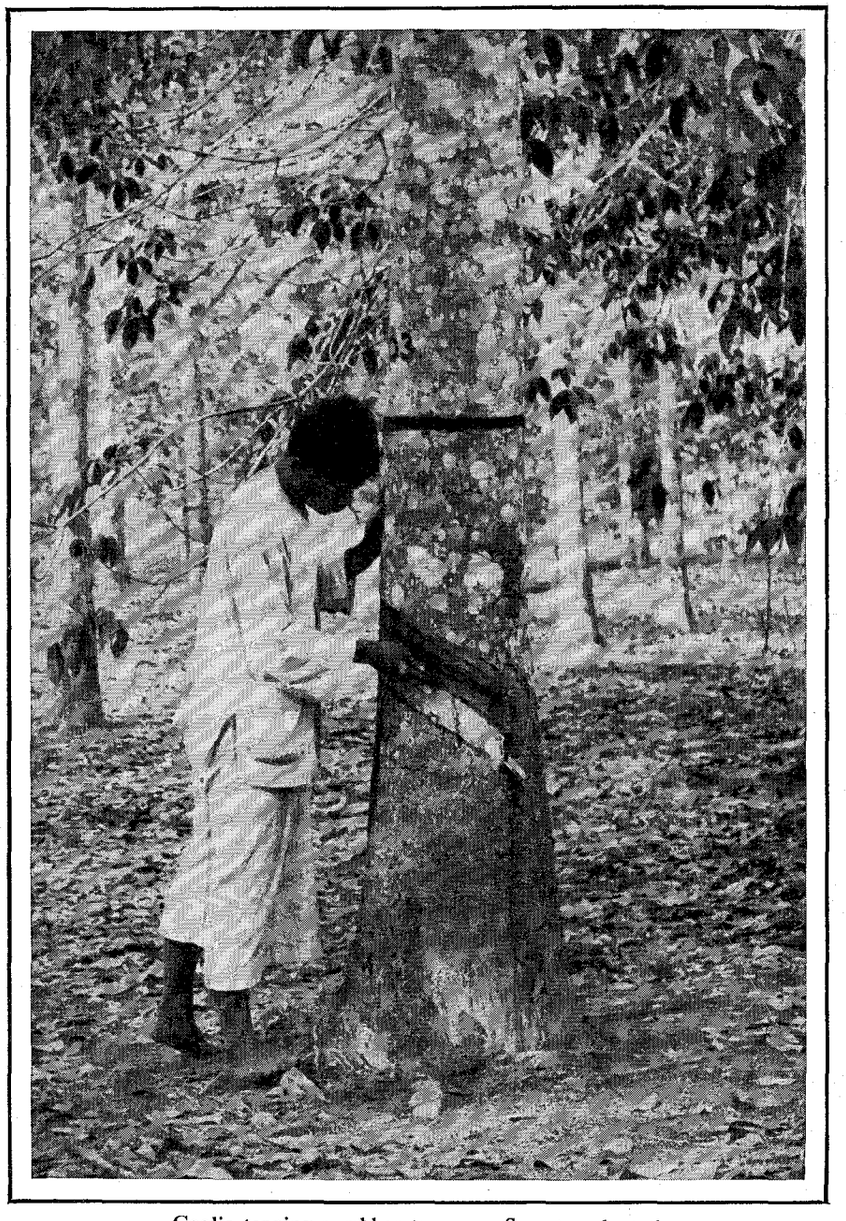
EVERY ten-cent advance in the price of crude rubber costs the American consumer, it is estimated, in the neighborhood of $75,000,000; and in the last year the price has advanced from seventeen to more than sixty cents.

In part the balloon tire, justifying its name in an unexpected way, is responsible for this soaring in the rubber market; for it has greatly increased the consumption of rubber. But mainly the advance is due to export restrictions imposed by agreement between Great Britain and Holland, which control our supply. We use seventy per cent of the world's rubber, and we depend on colonies of these two countries for nine-tenths of what we use. We spent $185,000,000 last year for our raw rubber material; we are expected to spend more than $400,000,000 in 1925.

The threat of this situation has been long in the air. More than a year ago Congress set aside $500,000 in order that the Departments of Agriculture and Commerce might see what could be done about it. The Department of Agriculture has been trying to see whether rubber could be grown on United States territory, so as to make us in time independent of foreign producers; the Department of Commerce has made a world-wide investigation of the situation, and has recently issued a preliminary report of its findings.

"The producing countries of the world," Mr. Hoover warned in a foreword to this report, "would be much better off in the long run if combinations in restraint of international trade were abandoned on all sides."

Mr. Hoover's agents showed that the British restrictions had worked so effectively that exports of 271,000 tons in 1922 from British dependencies dropped last year to a little more than 200,000 tons. At the outset of his investigation he had expressed fear lest the restrictive policy might bring about in time a world shortage in the raw material upon which our sixth industry depends.



Coolie tapping a rubber tree on a Sumatra plantation

The Rubber Association of America tendered its assistance to the Secretary of Commerce in his work, although American manufacturers themselves had covered the ground thoroughly, and did not expect that much new information would be uncovered. The Association's membership embraces manufacturers who use ninety-five per cent of the rubber consumed in this country, and Mr. Hoover cordially accepted the aid offered to him. Meanwhile the Ambassador from Brazil and the Minister from Bolivia were assuring him that those countries would amend their tax laws and take any other practicable steps to encourage American manufacturers to exploit their rubber resources. Meanwhile also a representative of the Rubber Association was in London, trying to persuade the British Colonial Office and the rub-

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ber growers there to loosen their colonial export restrictions. Meanwhile, further, the British Government was dickering with the Netherlands to bring about similar restrictions in the Dutch tropical possessions.

The manufacture of rubber goods in the United States is in somewhat the same case as the British textile manufacturer, who must depend upon our Southern States for most of his raw material. Rubber and cotton are the only great staples manufactured chiefly in countries other than the source of supply. But our Southern planters have taken their chances in the world market, sometimes with fat profits, sometimes with ruinous losses; whereas British colonial restrictions have been thrown about the export of raw rubber with a view to maintaining artificially a comfortable margin between the selling price and the cost of production.

This has been an occasion in certain quarters for twisting the lion's tail, which is even more menacing than the threat of hampering or crippling a great industry; for when nations begin scrambling for raw materials they are playing in a powder magazine; when they begin quarreling about raw materials, they are striking matches. That way lies war, and we would rather try to do without rubber altogether than fight about it. Certainly, however sensitive our pocket nerve, we would rather pay more for rubber products than go to war. On sober and good-tempered examination, moreover, it is apparent that the export restrictions are as nearly justifiable as artificial barriers to economic laws ever are. During a speculative boom in 1910 rubber sold in this country as high as $3.12 a pound. Three years ago it sold as low as nine cents a pound, which was about two-thirds the estimated cost of production. No American industry wishes to thrive, or can thrive for long, through disaster to another.

Let us have a look at these British colonial restrictions. The price from which the restrictions sprang was ruinous to plantation owners. As a result some of them laid off laborers, neglected fungous growths, and quit weeding their grounds. In the tropics this means that after a year a jungle must be cleared away before tapping for rubber can be resumed. Not even a professional fire-eater wants that to happen.

Into that ruinous slump several factors entered. The World War demand for rubber had encouraged planters to expand, so that a vast new acreage was beginning to bear; and after the war there was an industrial depression which caused a sharp falling off in the demand; the reclamation of used rubber, too, grew to considerable proportions. The British Colonial Office appointed a commission headed by Sir James Stevenson to see what could be done to avert the collapse of the plantation industry; and as a result the colonies of Malaya, Ceylon, India, Borneo, and Sarawak were induced to impose on exports a restriction to sixty-five per cent of the 1920 figure, fixed for quarterly periods, to be increased by steps of five per cent, but with the privilege of increase up to one hundred per cent under a progressive tax. The regulations varied somewhat as between large and small plantations.

It was not especially encouraging when Winston Churchill, formerly Colonial Secretary of Great Britain, said that British rubber growers were "under no obligation to supply the United States with rubber below the cost of production"—something which nobody had asked—and that it was "impossible for the Colonial Office to witness the financial ruin of the rubber-producing colonies owing to the continued sale of their products below the cost of production." A statement such as this was calculated to cause friction and misunderstanding rather than good temper between those whose interests were at stake; but then Mr. Churchill has always had a way of stepping out freely.

Not even the British are entirely satisfied with the situation; and the objections to it may best be set down here as the India Rubber Manufacturers' Association, Ltd., voiced them to Parliament. The protest asserted that the restrictions stimulated speculation in the raw product, put a premium on inefficient plantation management, and made it possible for the producers to profiteer under the protection of the British Colonial Office; that rubber could be produced at a much lower figure than 15 cents a pound—the minimum cost set by the Growers' Association—if the planters were put to it by competition; and that the export barrier acted to restrict production, although it had been declared that it would not have this effect.

More than this, the restrictions have caused smuggling from the Straits Settlements, where the rubber plantations are thickest, to Singapore, which is a free port. Chinese traders buy from the owners of small plantations their export permits, a transaction legalized under the restriction act. The native planters set small store by these permits, as they sell their rubber mostly to the big traders. If a smuggler is caught on his way to Singapore, he has the protection of these small coupons for all or part of his cargo. If he is not caught, he has the permits for another adventure. Once in Singapore, he is safe from interference, and may transship to another vessel, bound for England or the United States, without answering to any one as to its legality. Recently two Chinese arrested in Penang were found to have an outfit for counterfeiting the permits—an incident strongly reminiscent of the methods employed by bootleggers here.

Rubber can be produced as yet, on a successful commercial basis, only within ten degrees of the equator. The actual figures on the production for 1920, the last unrestricted year, were as follows for plantation rubber:

	Tons.
Malaya, British	201,400
Ceylon, British	39,000
India, British	6,400
Borneo, British	4,100
Sarawak, British	1,600
Dutch East Indies	62,100
Indo-China, French	3,100
Total	317,700

These figures take no account of the wild rubber, so called, which is gathered from uncultivated forests; but Brazil, which produces the bulk of this kind, accounts for only about five per cent of the total production. Yet in the infancy of the industry the forests along the upper Amazon were the sole source of supply. The export of thirty tons from these rubber trees in 1825 may be accepted as marking the birth of the traffic on a commercial basis. It is therefore even younger than the industrial revolution, with which it has kept pace; and its revelations, its romances, its contributions to the well-being and progress of mankind, have been hardly less astonishing than those which have accompanied the mechanical conquest of the civilized world.

That Brazil lost a virtual monopoly of the rubber-producing business was due to the work of Henry A. Wickham, an adventurous Londoner, who had made a special study of the trees and had even planted some of them on the Tapajos Plateau, and who proposed that the seeds be gathered for production under cultivation. Others had tried and failed; but Wickham, with the backing of Sir Clements Markham, of the India Office, chartered the steamship Amazonas, after the vessel had been abandoned by her supercargoes in the river, freighted her with seed carefully packed to prevent fermentation, and smuggled them through Pará on the pretense that they were delicate botanical specimens for the Royal Gardens at Kew. This was the basis of the plantations in the Far East and the death knell of the Brazilian command of the industry; and for this enterprise the British Government knighted Wickham.

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A cultivated plantation of rubber trees, four years old, on an estate of the United States Rubber Company, on the east coast of Sumatra

In the present emergency it has been proposed that American rubber manufacturers help Brazil to "come back" by exploiting the trees there and in other tropical South American republics; that they set out plantations on American soil in the Philippines; and that they experiment in growing rubber in the southwestern portions of the United States.

Let us see first how rubber is gathered in Brazil. During the dry season, from May to November, native Indian tappers make their way through dense jungles along faint paths known only to themselves, and infested with reptiles, tarantulas, and venomous ants; they gash the bark of the rubber trees (where they find them) with two strokes of a keen blade, the gashes converging to an angle at the base; and beneath this they set a metal cup; they then return over the route, pouring into a bucket the white milky latex which has oozed from the wound. In this way a tapper may cover from 70 to 150 trees in a day. He returns to his hut, lights a fire of wood and palm nuts, and in the hot, dense smoke coagulates the latex on a stick to a brown, pliable residue. This is the wild rubber known as "fine pará" in our market. It takes its name from the port through which it clears.

The death rate among these Indians is so high that, as one rubber expert expressed it to me, "the natives are killed faster than the rubber can be produced."

Political instability, health conditions, and scarcity of labor are obstacles in the way of developing South American fields. The United States Rubber Company, for instance, selected the island of Sumatra in preference to South America for its plantation of 90,000 acres, where cheap labor is plentiful and where the death rate in 1921 was 4.8, as against 11 per thousand in New York. That was, to be sure, a better year than most.

In the Philippines the obstacles to rubber growing are the high cost of labor, uncertainty as to the future political status of the islands, and land restrictions which would prevent the establishment of great plantations. The Legislature has indicated no intention to amend these restrictions.

There remains the distant possibility of producing good rubber from trees or plants other than the two species now in successful use. About five hundred trees, vines, and shrubs exude a milky substance which on evaporation leaves a brown, rubbery residue; and it has even been asserted that our milkweed, which is one of them, might in time produce a commercial rubber. But that is a development far in front of us, and of no account in the present crisis. In Mexico an inferior rubber is produced from a shrub, but it does not at present hold forth hope.

Nor has any synthetic rubber so far produced possessed the qualities of durability and utility necessary to make it a real contender with the natural product.

Ernest Hopkinson, in charge of research for the United States Rubber Company, in discussing the future of the industry, told me he thought the use of rubber for road building, for dwellings, and for paper was still in the future; although in the office of another concern I saw a copy of the "Investor's Chronicle," a London publication, dated January 6, 1924, which was printed on rubber paper—the first magazine ever to be so printed throughout. The stuff looked like news-print and tore like it; but in the editorial about the innovation nothing was said as to the cost. Mr. Hopkinson regards the cost as prohibitive for the present; but with the world using 14,000,000 tons of paper annually and our forests rapidly disappearing, it is clear that some substitute must sooner or later be found.

Mr. Hopkinson is credited with the

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leadership in a method by which latex is sprayed over cotton fiber for the production of cord-tire fabric. This economizes by eliminating the intermediate textile process; and it is a help to our Southern planters because short-fiber cotton may be used instead of the long-fiber Egyptian product which hitherto has been in demand.

Dr. William C. Geer, research expert for the B. F. Goodrich Company, of Akron, and a vice-president of the firm, estimates that in 1928 the United States will require 440,000 tons of rubber for tires alone. At present the sales value of all rubber products—nine-tenths of which are consumed in this country—is close to a billion dollars. More than 133,000 persons are directly employed in the industry. It is clear that our stake in the present emergency is enormous.

Prohibition—The Capital City

By ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE

In which The Outlook's investigator finds some officials who are willing to face the facts and have courage enough to carry on

MY time in Washington, D. C., was, for the most part, spent in interviewing officials and searching out statistical data. But, although I did not attempt a personal investigation of the violations of the Prohibition Law there, my friends commented on existing conditions.

The fifteen-year-old son of one of my friends is something of a musician and plays in a jazz orchestra which is popular at fraternity dances. He remarked about the party of the night before: "That was some wet party! All the boys came drunk and the girls were drunk by the time they went home." His family were, naturally, worried about the temptations the boy would meet with in his formative years, no matter what set he "traveled with." They spoke of the wide-open booze conditions at the country clubs just outside of Washington and the promiscuous drinking by the supposedly "best people."

I lunched with a young lady who holds a very responsible position in one of the Government departments. She told of the quantities of liquor consumed by the "younger married crowd" with whom she mixes. Her belief is that among that set there is more drinking than before prohibition.

It has been the custom in Washington to arrest only the male members of a drinking party on a Federal raid, but now Harry M. Luckett, Federal Agent for the District of Columbia, announces that the girls will be treated in the same manner. He is said to have made this decision after hearing many complaints of mothers who said that their daughters were returning home in the small hours of the morning "under the influence of liquor."

Many of the local officials with whom I talked mentioned the way that the Negro population had taken to the bootlegging business. The general opinion seems to be that every other colored man does a small business in corn whisky.

P. & A. Photos

Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt

The newspapers were full of the account of the arrest of an alleged "bootleg ring" which operated in the Capitol building. One of those arrested was a doorman at the House of Representatives. Press comments also dwelt on the futility of the "padlock" injunctions in Washington. They say that during the five years in which the Prohibition Law, which carries the "padlock" injunction in this city, has been in effect only one place has been closed by it. They claim that the padlocking is ineffective because the cafés open up again immediately in another location, usually across the street. One man who was in court at that time had been "padlocked" three times already, as he moved about in the same neighborhood.

The enforcement of the National Prohibition Law is placed in the hands of the Coast Guard and the Prohibition Unit, and the prosecutions are handled by the Department of Justice. The Coast Guard has to do with the coastwise smuggling, while the Prohibition Unit deals with the land violations of the law.

The Prohibition Unit has only 1,700 agents with which to check up permit holders and to chase bootleggers. The pay of these agents begins at $1,680 a year and advances to a maximum of $2,250 a year. Each State and Territory has its Federal prohibition director, who draws a comparatively high salary. This director passes upon the withdrawals from the bonded warehouses, etc. Then there are divisional chiefs, who have charge of the general prohibition agents assigned to their territory. A mobile force of enforcement officers under Chief E. C. Yellowley moves from place to place, doing general enforcement work as well as checking up on the distilleries and upon the State directors and the divisional chiefs. At the head of the Unit is the Federal Prohibition Commissioner, Roy A. Haynes. All of the Unit is under the Bureau of Internal Revenue of the Treasury Department.

With the detective part of the enforcement under the Treasury Department and the prosecutions under the Department of Justice many conflicts have arisen. The spirit of co-operation between the two departments seems to be lacking.

In my article of February 18 I wrote: "I predict that a general shake-up of the enforcement officials will soon take place." This shake-up has begun. The prohibition enforcement has been put under one directing head, the new Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Lincoln C. Andrews, a former soldier. The organization of the Prohibition Unit remains the same and Mr. Haynes is still titled Commissioner, but the real authority has been handed over to General Andrews.

I telephoned to the Department of Justice office for an appointment with

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Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, and was told to come at six in the evening. I first thought this rather a peculiar hour, but later discovered that this energetic Assistant Attorney-General spends most all but her sleeping hours at work in her office. The girl in the outer office told me that Mrs. Willebrandt quite often worked until one or two in the morning, but "was right back on the job at nine in the morning."

"When does she eat?" I wondered when I noticed several other appointments following mine. This I never found out. I didn't leave until eight in the evening, and there were several others waiting in the anteroom for her at that time. Her mind seemed to be solely on discharging her duty—hours, food, and relaxation seemed secondary.

As Mrs. Willebrandt is in charge of the prosecution of all prohibition cases, I asked her opinions regarding the enforcement of the law and the quality of the cases presented to her by the Prohibition Unit.

"I confess a great dissatisfaction in the cases the Federal people have brought me," she said. "They are of entirely too inconsequential a nature—hip-pocket flasks, etc.—without getting at the sources of supply."

"Why is this?" I asked.

"For two reasons," replied Mrs. Willebrandt; "inefficient personnel and inadequate training.

"An unsatisfactory type of man gets the enforcement appointment. There are two ways of getting an appointment. In the first politics is mixed up. There isn't any reason why the Senators and Congressmen should be consulted in the appointments for their various States, but that has been the practice. The result is that, for the large part, we get nominees who are selected by 'ward heelers' or politicians.

"There are twenty or twenty-two States which in comparison with the others are bone-dry. Some of them even prevent the sale of liquor for medicinal purposes. These States have their high-salaried prohibition directors, though they hardly need them. Why? Because their Senators and Congressmen ask for them, so as to have these added appointments. This is a gross waste, especially when many sections of the country badly need additional enforcement personnel.

"The other type of man who comes from this maudlin kind of recommendation is the 'well-wisher,' the church elder type. This sort is, perhaps, worse than the other. They may mean well, but they are utterly incapable of taking up this kind of work. A crook, even without experience as an investigator, may have some chance of catching crooks, but these 'well-wishers' can't catch anything.

"The men chosen for prohibition agents are put under practically no training at all. They are simply given a gun and told 'Go catch crooks!'

"Another reason for the failure, I believe, is that the force is spread entirely too thin. The biggest source of internal liquor comes from the misuse of alcohol issued by permit from the Federal Government. The agents should check this up most rigorously. It is simply a question of doing this enforcement job right or taking the guffaws of the world.

"I would rather have one-third as many men at $5,000 a year—capable, trained investigators—than I would the present force whose pay does not average over $2,000 a year. A small efficient force concentrated on the most offending spots would certainly do more than the present scattered force of incompetents. The amount of bribery going on is deplorable. We are not prosecuting enough of the Federal officers.

"Some fly-by-night hair-tonic or drug concern will take a couple of rooms and get all the denatured alcohol it wants—alcohol denatured by a process which it can later take out. After this alco-

P. & A. Photos

A five-hundred-gallon still seized in the National capital

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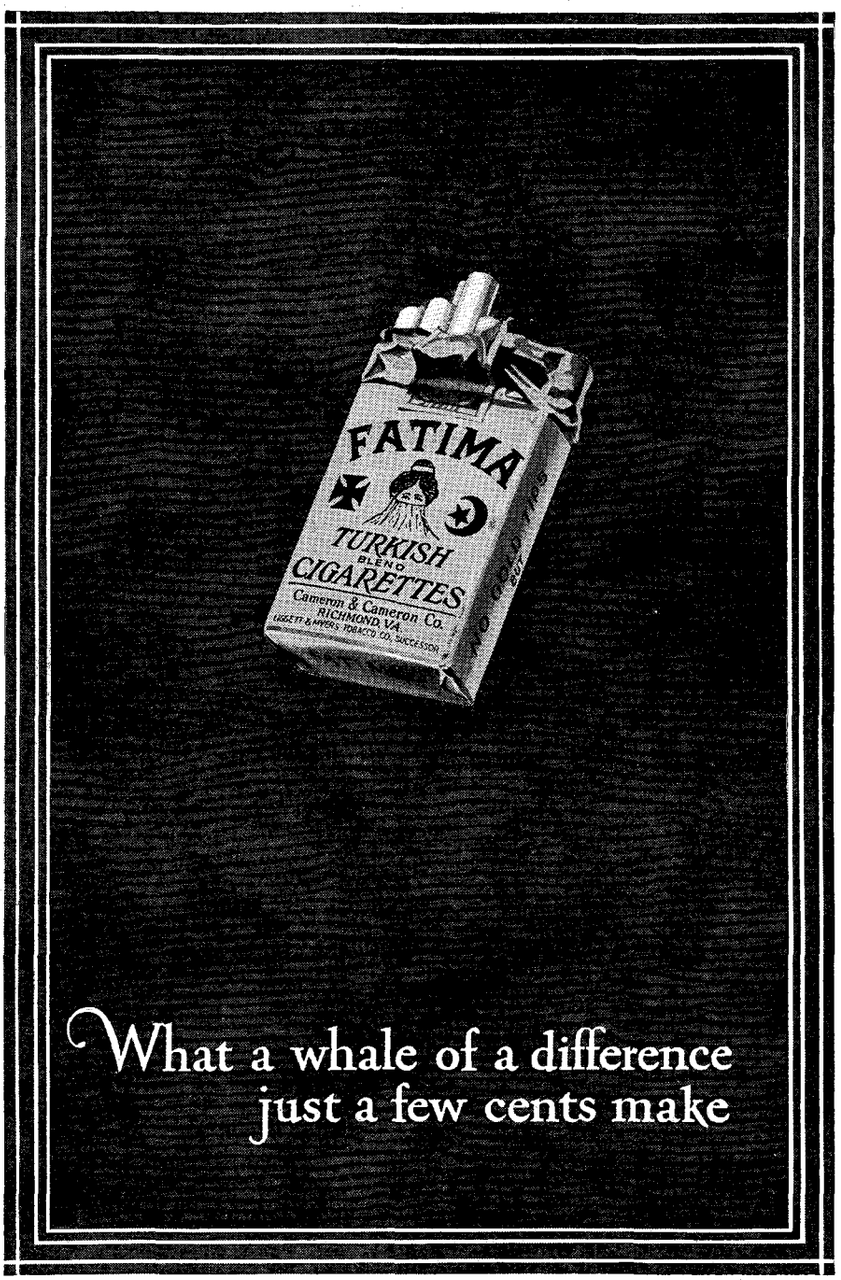

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hol is 'cleaned' it is used for beverage purposes.

"In New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Illinois a very large part of the liquor consumed comes from the misuse of so-called industrial alcohol and medicinal liquors. This provides a much greater stream even than the smuggled liquors.

"The percentage of dismissals in prohibition cases is entirely too great. It is because the evidence gathered does not pan out. Too much attention is given to getting stories of captures into the newspapers in order to satisfy the 'drys,' and too little attention is given to getting actual legal evidence.

"And another thing. Our cases are entirely too small. We don't reach the big people."

"What hope is there?" I asked.

"I can't Coué for you," said Mrs. Willebrandt, "I can't say that things are getting better and better, for I don't believe it. I am not a prohibition fanatic, but as long as it is a law, it's our job to enforce it. Our country has tackled bigger problems than this and solved them, and we've got to do it this time.

"This law should be treated as all other Federal laws. There should be the spirit of co-operation and interchange. Treating it as a law to be separately enforced unduly magnifies it, and the quicker it can be looked upon as just one of the laws, the quicker it will be respected as are the other laws.

"We don't need legislation as much as we need a determination to enforce the laws and to see the job through. Administration is the need, and not legislation.

"I put hope in the Coast Guard. They, at least, are trained men and under military discipline. There are few Coast Guard men who will sell out their honor, and there are prohibition agents who will do so."

When I told Mrs. Willebrandt of the rosy pictures of conditions that had been painted for me by other officials, she dismissed them all with a quick exclamation, "Piffle!"

"Conditions are bad," she said; "we all know it. These people who try to cover it up are doing no service to the cause."

I remarked that I had just come from making an investigation in New Jersey. "Did you have your boots on?" asked Mrs. Willebrandt, fully aware, it seems, of the wetness of the above-mentioned State.

In brief, I should say that Mrs. Willebrandt's contention is that law enforcement should have an equal kick in it to that which is found in bootleg liquor.

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It is interesting to note the success of the Department of Justice agents under Mrs. Willebrandt in their investigation of the Willie Haar case in Savannah, Georgia. The Department of Justice, instead of the Prohibition Unit, handled this case because of the violations of the income tax involved.

Willie Haar was the son of a German grocer, and was himself a grocery clerk until he became interested in the more lucrative business of smuggling liquor. Starting with a few boats, he developed into one of America's greatest importers, and was one of Georgia's wealthiest young men. He operated a flotilla of power vessels and brought in liquor from Bimini, Canada, Scotland, and other foreign countries. He shipped it to New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago, and other large cities.

He had an intelligence organization (detective force) which frustrated every effort made by the Government agents to detect him for many months. Finally it was discovered that he owed an income tax of a million dollars, and this fact served as an opening wedge into the barriers he had built up around his illegal operations. Others in the gang were also evading the income tax laws and were prosecuted for tax violations as well as for liquor violations.

At the beginning there were 84 arrests made, but this was finally increased to 142 sentenced in connection with these prosecutions. The years of imprisonment aggregated forty and the fines assessed amounted to $294,345. All this was done by spending $50,000.

This is a fine example of what can be done by trained men and an honest effort.

Willie Haar was said to have paid a lobbyist in Washington $15,000 a year to become friendly with officials and to smooth the way for illegal operations. Mrs. Willebrandt told me of how this man (now dead) tried to ingratiate himself with her. Knowing that she liked tennis, he made many attempts through his wife to have her come out to their courts. Her woman's intuition seems to have saved her.

A story is told (the truth of it vouched for by the participants) of the arrest of Willie Haar. The deputies who made the arrest report that Haar said, "I had everybody in Washington fixed except one man and that damned woman [Mrs. Willebrandt]—she finished me." Mrs. Willebrandt, commenting on this story, said that, although his sweeping statement was not true, she considered it the highest compliment ever paid her.

Another sensational case was the prosecution of Congressman Langley and

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his five associates in Kentucky. The indictment charged conspiracy to violate the National Prohibition Act by withdrawing liquor under fraudulent permits. The defendants, including Congressman Langley, were convicted. Each one was given two years at Atlanta and a fine of $10,000. At present, however, they are free, awaiting another trial, as they appealed to a higher court. Congressman Langley has been re-elected to his seat in Congress. I was told that because he voted "dry" he had the support of the "drys."

I interviewed Commissioner Roy A. Haynes. He said:

"Prohibition in the United States has progressed marvelously. Drunkenness has almost disappeared. Any honest observer will tell you that there are no longer any drunks to be seen anywhere. Of course there may be some people who have so far forgotten themselves that they have taken a drink of whisky, but these constitute a smaller group as compared to the larger one composed of those who uphold the law."

Recognizing this as a set speech which is evidently given out to all interviewers (I have read it in several papers), I asked him if he thought that the prohibition enforcement agents were actually efficient and trustworthy.

"They are the most loyal group of men who ever worked for this country," he replied. "There never was a more high-grade group of law enforcement officials anywhere."

After hearing the Commissioner start on the "with one fell swoop we cleaned up this whole country" speech, I gave it up.

His latest enforcement move is to start this July, when $50,000 will be spent on prohibition posters to be placed in public buildings. In some parts of the country enforcement agents will have to keep a watchful guard to keep the posters unmarred and in place.

The sum of my interview with Wayne B. Wheeler, of the Anti-Saloon League, was his statement: "Things are going ahead faster in solving the problem of National prohibition than they were with State prohibition. And conditions will continually get better. We'll step into the districts where they are electing "wet" officials and shake things up. It won't be long before we get enough dry votes to pass the Civil Service Bill."

All in all, conditions in Washington were quite discouraging. Hope seems to center in the magnificent energy of Assistant Attorney-General Willebrandt and the workmanlike way in which General Lincoln C. Andrews has undertaken the enforcement task.

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

"Foiled Again!" Hissed the Villain

Reviews by R. D. TOWNSEND

ABOUT this time of year the canny publishers, aware that summer is not just the best time to sell novels of serious social purpose, provide a flock of exciting detective tales to fill corners in the vacationers' kit bags. Five such stories, well adapted to the purpose of keeping one awake over the camp-fire, have alighted on this reviewer's desk. Three of them are by writers whose names are not usually associated with crime and conspiracy, and perhaps this fact shows that (following the example of Eden Phillpotts, the distinguished novelist of Devonshire) the novelists, like the publishers, are finding good summer grazing in the fields of sensationalism.

If you found at the end of the first chapter of a story that a girl, late at night, followed by a man she distrusted, had knocked at a strange door, and it was opened by a young man who stammered, "You can come in if you like; but there's a dead man in the house, and it looks as though I'd murdered him," do you think you would rest until you knew just who the murderer was? I trow not. "Mrs. Fuller"[1] seems to me the most satisfying of these five stories, not so much as a criminal puzzle, but as embodying a singular and well-sustained situation. Its people are not dummies (in the average detective tale murder is about as emotional an affair as gum chewing), its love story is engaging, its incidents are well told, and in Judd, the butler, we have a capital character. Yet the writer is not a practitioner in this branch of literature. Marguerite Bryant is best known as the author of "Christopher Hibbault, Roadmender," a serious and thoughtful study of industry and character.

So with Archibald Marshall's "The Mystery of Redmarsh Farm."[2] The manner of writing retains the urbanity and ease of his "Exton Manor" and "The Cliftons," but there is crime, mystery, wrong imputation of sinister motives, intricate following of misleading clues, enough to shock permanently the gentlemanly and lady-like characters who so genteelly entertain us in the author's earlier and more sedate books. The purveyors of crime and detective yarns may well note that their branch of fiction is none the worse for an infusion of courtly style and well-presented characters and dialogue. Some addicts may cry, "A little more jazz, Mr. Marshall," yet he has turned out a satisfactory specimen of plot story.

Perhaps it is stretching things a little to call Mr. McKenna's "An Affair of Honor"[3] a detective story; yet, as a matter of fact, thousands of amateur detectives, urged by the press, besides the police force and at least one High Constable, are in this story engaged in the search of defiers at Oxford of the English law against dueling. A lady's name had been lightly aspersed; defiance and challenge followed; "in the gray dawn," as customary, the combat took place, and one man was wounded (accidentally). We do not violate confidence if we state that the slandered lady was the late Queen Elizabeth. In short, England fell to the spoofing of these Oxford lads. All very clever; but one of the chaps says that a "rag" isn't very funny in cold type—nor, one may add, is it quite substantial enough to make a book. Mr. McKenna's Sonia novels more fairly represent his talent.

Mr. Fletcher has an enormous following of readers. He is a clever inventor of mysteries, but not more so than several others. Where he scores is in the quickly moving action of his crooks and their pursuers and the originality of his devices; in this new tale of his, for instance, we find costly art treasures concealed in a stuffed goose.[4] The subject

[1] Mrs. Fuller. By Marguerite Bryant. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.

[2] The Mystery of Redmarsh Farm. By Archibald Marshall. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

[3] An Affair of Honor. By Stephen McKenna. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.50.

[4] The Annexation Society. By J. S. Fletcher. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.

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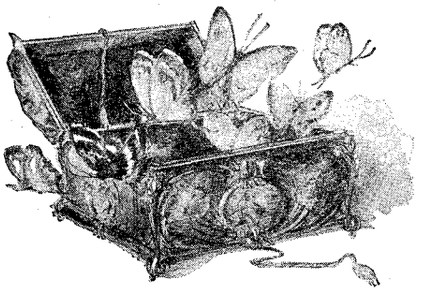

Her mind was crowded with beautiful stories, shut in; like butterflies in a box

A STRAIN of music, the smell of wet lilacs, the sight of a new bright ribbon above an aging face—these came to her as impressions, but they stayed with her, and grew, till they almost hurt, shut in so tight and no door to open.

Gay, brave stories—how could she get them out? She wrote, but the words were empty of her thoughts. She read, but when she tried to write the sharp, clutching things like Barrie, or to set down the sheer adventures like Stevenson, there were no tears or laughter in them. Or light.

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is novel, and is said to have a basis in a newspaper headline about a supposed conspiracy to steal famous works of art. One doesn't exactly believe in the band of criminals, but we admire their agility and like exceedingly the boyish Jimmie Trickett, who hunts the super-villain, escapes alive, and incidentally wins a charming girl. Here action is everything and probability is nowhere.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim[5] is really the dean of living fiction criminologists. I don't know how many novels he has written; thirty-four, including this new one, have been reviewed in The Outlook; probably we have missed a few. Always he builds up his plot deliberately and develops it skillfully, and he rarely fails to mystify us in whole or in part. Here, for instance, the reader may partly guess the solution, yet (unless he "peeks" or is abnormally astute) he will find a surprise. There is an Oriental and mystic element in the plot; and the evil influence of one of twin Chinese images, the Body and the Soul—or, as we would say, the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—more or less excuses the wrong-doing of those into whose possession the Chinese Mr. Hyde came. Even so, there seems a bit too much indifference to temple violation, robbery by force, repudiation of a pledge of honor, burglary, and so on. But these little acts were those of a brave and titled young Briton, who simply had to be the hero of the story! Carping aside, the book is absorbing as a plot story and should keep almost any one awake over camp-fire, or even after a strenuous day of golf.

[5] Fallen Idols. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

The New Books

BIOGRAPHY

SUN YAT-SEN AND THE CHINESE REPUBLIC: By Paul Linebarger. The Century Company, New York. $4.

Great indeed would be our gratitude to Judge Linebarger did this book fulfill the magnificent promises of the cover blurb; for this blurb invites us to expect a masterful biography of one of the most fascinating, enigmatic, and important personalities of recent times; the living man against the authentic Celestial background. But the book does not fulfill those promises; it is, in fact, a woeful disappointment.

Mr. Linebarger became interested in the revolutionary movement in China when he was Circuit Judge in the Philippines, 1901–7. After resigning that office, he became "somewhat active in Dr. Sun's support;" but he does not vouchsafe particulars as to the nature or

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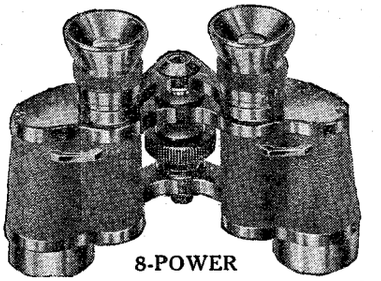

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degree of that activity prior to the establishment of the Chinese Republic (January, 1912). In 1913 he wrote a book, "Our Chinese Chances," which was used by the Kuo Min-tang (the Radical party headed by Sun) as propaganda against Yuan Shih-kai, the President, and we find him in 1917 editing a monthly magazine, "The Chinese Nationalist," apparently published in Chicago as propaganda for Sun and his Canton Republic. He seems also to have promoted certain Sino-American industrial projects or enterprises, to have spent much time in China, and to have been on intimate terms for many years with Sun. Obviously, his opportunities for the task of biographer of Sun Yat-sen have been ample.

The book is a piece of pure eulogy, absolutely untempered by the critical spirit. Undoubtedly Sun was a tremendous fellow, one of the greatest revolutionary geniuses the world has seen. Almost he was the Revolution; and not impossibly it will be found in the sequel that the Chinese Revolution was the most important event of the twentieth century. Intrepidity, magnetism, a quite unexampled talent for organizing and co-ordinating secret activity on the grand scale, a spirit that scorns whatever odds; our admiration for Sun, the revolutionary leader, is not less than that of Judge Linebarger himself. But it would seem that the combination of qualities which peculiarly fitted him for the *rôle* of revolutionary leader under conditions so bizarre peculiarly unfitted him for the *rôle* of constructive statesman. We ask of the biographer of Sun, not merely a description (properly eulogistic) of Sun's great qualities, but also (and more insistently) a description of the defects of his qualities. Most emphatically we do not get it. Not only is the book a failure and likely to mislead (though without intent of deception), but it has to be said also that several of the hifalutin' passages are simply ridiculous.

That rich background of "Chinese customs, history, and present conditions" which the blurb promised us is not there, or only faintly traced.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

THE PEAL OF BELLS. Essays. By Robert Lynd. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

The playful charm of Robert Lynd is at its best in this collection of essays. He wastes no time on serious themes and little time in being serious on any theme. What science he ever knew he has forgotten. In politics he has no interest, and he doesn't even vote. Sociology he dismisses, and he prefers to view primitive man, not as a skulking savage, but "as a beautiful and indolent creature in a tennis suit and white trousers stretched under a fruit tree by the brink of a purling stream." Though occasionally he lets his fancy stray to remote fields, his concern is mainly for the quaint or humorous aspects of familiar and common situations. He has no eccentricities of thought or word, and if ever he must strain his wits for an effect the page reveals no sign. Naturalness, clarity, simplicity, are outstanding qualities of this humorous essayist.

In the titular essay he deals with New Year's resolutions and shows that the possibilities of this subject had not been exhausted by his predecessors. In "The Mouse: A Problem" he gayly speculates on the tenant's right to feed the mice about the house against the somewhat obvious interests of the owner. There is much to say on both sides of the subject, and he says it; but the more he says, the more complex becomes the issue, until no decision is possible. Then there is "A Good Hiding," in which he pictures the reactions of an imaginatively bold but really timid man when faced by a swaggering bully. The timid man is a paladin when he lets his imagination play; he means to cowhide the bully, and a thousand times in his dream-hours he has done just that thing, soundly and effectively. But in the corporeal presence of the bully the paladin's fervid indignation and stern resolve invariably ooze out of him.

Who would suppose that a plausible argument could be made for the use of patent medicines? Well, here is one, and the reader, after perusing it, will feel like rushing out at once and laying in a copious stock. And then there is happy chatter about Christmas presents and collars, about quarrels and horses and going to school and a dozen subjects more. All in all, it is a book that one may read often and each time with a fresh enjoyment.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

COLLEGE AND STATE: Educational, Literary, and Political Papers (1875–1913). By Woodrow Wilson. Edited by Ray Stannard Baker and William E. Dodd. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers, New York. $7.

The volumes noticed here are the first two volumes to appear of a six-volume selection, authorized by Mrs. Wilson, from the great mass (published and unpublished) of Mr. Wilson's briefer utterances: addresses, messages, magazine articles, etc.

These volumes derive particular importance from the fact that none of the papers therein is included in any of Mr. Wilson's hitherto published books. It has been the aim of the editors to include

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all of the most important documents (1875–March, 1913, not hitherto included within book covers) dealing with the three interests which chiefly engaged Mr. Wilson (politics and government, education, and religion), and the best of the papers (with exceptions as stated above) on those thinkers and leaders who appear to have influenced or impressed him most. These were Chatham, Bright, Gladstone, Jefferson, Lincoln, Cleveland, etc. The first of the papers is an essay on Bismarck, written when Mr. Wilson was twenty-one years old, and a sophomore at Princeton; the last is his speech accepting the Democratic nomination for President (August, 1912). To the second volume is appended a bibliography of the published writings and addresses to include March, 1913.

The editors claim that we have revealed to us here "the making of Woodrow Wilson;" that we see him laying his intellectual foundations and behold the process of development of "the policies he was later to apply to the practical problems of the nation and the world." Yes, in a manner of speaking; but the revelation is not a vivid one. Somehow these papers leave one rather cold. The effect is of a certain aridity, a certain over-preciseness, of a lack of heartiness and genuine graciousness. Mr. Wilson was not quite (he just missed it) of the first rank either as writer or speaker. Yet these volumes will be read, and will deserve to be read, both for the many felicitous passages and the much valuable criticism on government, politics, and education they contain, and for the considerable (though less considerable than could be wished) light they throw on the intellectual development of one of the most interesting and important men of recent times.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

EXPERIENCE AND NATURE: By John Dewey. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. $3.

These are lectures upon the Paul Carus Foundation, by the distinguished Professor of Philosophy at Columbia. Dr. Paul Carus, who died in 1919, was the editor of "The Open Court" and "The Monist." He was, we are informed in a foreword by Hartley Burr Alexander, "strongly Socratic in disposition: he wished to bring philosophy down from the skies of a too studied abstraction and habituate it to the houses of men's souls. . . . He looked to the cultivation of philosophy as a frame of mind open to all, lay and professional. It is with the spirit and intention of Dr. Carus's lifework in mind that his family have established in his memory the Paul Carus Lectures, . . . a lectureship which comes

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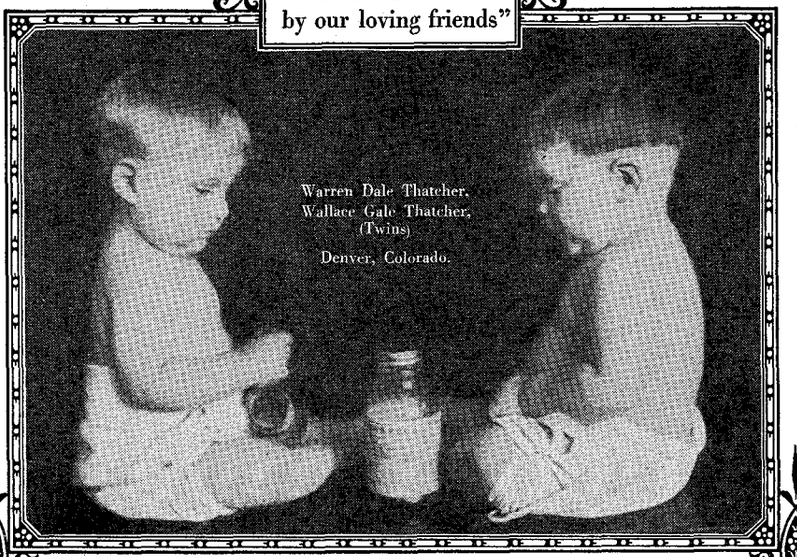

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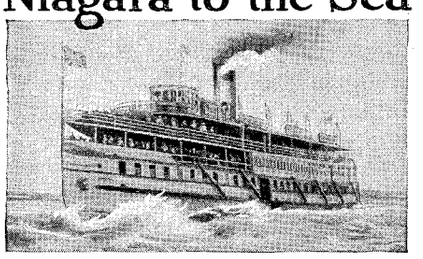

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GAMES

WEBSTER'S POKER BOOK. Pictures by H. T. Webster. Text by George F. Worts, Marc Connelly, R. F. Foster, and George Ade. Simon & Schuster, New York. $2.50.

This is a most amusing book of drawings by the humorous artist, H. T. Webster. His pictures on the game of poker, on how to torture your wife, on life's darkest moment, and on the events leading up to the tragedy are known to every American reader of newspapers. In addition to the pictures there is more or less good or bad advice about the National card game, and a compartment at the end containing, among other things, some blank I. O. U.'s.

MISCELLANEOUS

SECRET SOCIETIES AND SUBVERSIVE MOVEMENTS. By Nesta H. Webster. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $7.

A study (four hundred pages long) of the underground movements against Islam, against Christianity, and against established government and religion. The author considers occultism, Freemasonry, the Jewish cabalists, modern secret societies, Pan-Germanism, and the Jewish "peril." The Russian Revolution and the Bolshevik activities gave her the occasion for this exhaustive work. She believes that there has been an age-long conspiracy against Christianity and against "all social and moral order"—a great secret and master conspiracy which has fathered and directed all the lesser conspiracies. Her theory is plausible; her work is not hasty nor sketchy; her main contention is interesting, and to many minds extremely attractive. But it seems to require for its truth greater steadfastness, greater ability to hang together and avoid dissension through centuries, than conspirators have ever possessed.

Notes on New Books

THE POLITICAL AWAKENING OF THE EAST. By George Matthew Dutcher. The Abingdon Press, New York. $2.

About Egypt, India, China, Japan, and the Philippines.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF PETER WILKINS. By Robert Paltock. Dulau & Co., Ltd., London. 8s. 6d. net.

A curious romance, first published in 1751.

THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT. By Frank T. Bullen. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

New illustrated edition of one of the best books about whaling ever written. No apologies need be made to "Moby Dick," since many readers who have found pretty tough going in that famous and extraordinary work will enjoy this simpler and no less interesting narrative by Mr. Bullen. Kipling correctly called it "immense."

THOSE DIFFICULT YEARS. By Faith Baldwin. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $2.

A novel about domestic life.

THE HOUSE OF SECLUSION. By Marion Harvey. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $2.

Who killed Mr. Fielding? The author offers to tell you if you will read her novel.

THE WORLD AND ITS MEANING. By G. T. W. Patrick. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.50.

This is an introduction to philosophy by the professor of that subject in the University of Iowa. It is probable that many readers will be glad to find a book like this, and it will be given further mention in these pages.

MAMMONART. By Upton Sinclair. Published by the Author, Pasadena, Cal. $2.

The prolific Mr. Sinclair writes a book about literature and art, and often discovers a sinister hand at work in them.

ORCHARD MANAGEMENT. By J. H. Gourley. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

A brief book on orchards by the Chief in Horticulture of the Ohio Experiment Station.

MAGIC IN THE MAKING. By John Mulholland and Milton M. Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

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WHAT I BELIEVE. By Bertrand Russell. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.

The creed of a writer, philosopher, and pacifist.

REST AND GROW STRONG. By Edward Huntington Williams and Edward Bryant Hoag. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.50.

A book about the value of rest. The authors recommend croquet, which to many persons is not so much a method of rest as a method for the expression of a disagreeable disposition.

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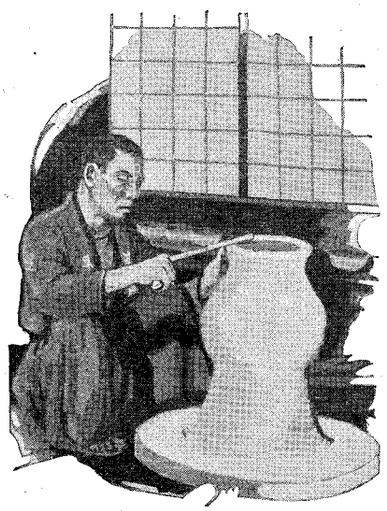

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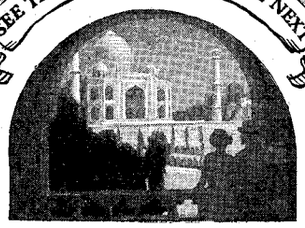

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ST. AUGUSTINE VALUES FOR INVESTORS or HOMESEEKERS
MARY McLAUGHLIN, 125 Marine St., St. Augustine., Fla. References: all city banks.

Maine

BELFAST, ME. Ideal summer home. 5 acres, house, barn, garage, fruit trees. ¾ mile to beautiful Penobscot Bay. **$3,500.** F. D. JONES, Belfast.

CASCO BAY 8-room cottage, bath, fireplace. On shore; fine view. **$1,500.**
MAINE LAKES and COAST CO., PORTLAND, MAINE

TO LET
In New Harbor, Maine
One of the most picturesque parts of the Maine coast, a seven-room cottage with garage, on ocean front. Large open fireplace, artesian well with pump in kitchen, electric lights, flush toilet, large piazza. Country and seashore combined. $300 for season. Also a six-room cottage by the month. $125 per month. Apply to J. M. HOLDEN, 39 Morris St., Everett, Mass.

TO LET, Maine Coast Cottages, furnished; 5, 6, 8 rooms, $160 to $275. Ocean view. Fishing, boating, bathing. Reasonable. E. Whitehouse, Pemaquid Harbor, Me.

ONE OF THE FINEST SPORTING CAMPS IN MAINE. 120 miles from Portland. 20 miles from the Canadian border. Equally valuable for club house or small hotel. Completely furnished. 100 acres. Communicate with Box 53, Rangeley, Me.

For Sale at a Great Bargain
A beautiful summer home on the Maine coast, at Searsport. Nicely furnished, beautiful grounds, sea wall, fine garden, fine fishing and boating, seagoing launch and almost new touring car. Address Dr. S. S. PORTER, owner, 611 S. Oxford Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Real Estate

Maine

Southwest Harbor, Maine
New Cottage on water, FOR SALE OR RENT
Six bedrooms, 2 baths, living-room with fireplace, kitchen, electricity, furnished. Convenient to two hotels for meals. Terms and photographs. Box 38, Southwest Harbor, Maine.

Maryland

Mountain Orchard Camp For sale or to rent
Ideal 4-room camp in **Western Maryland.** Garden, fruit trees, beautiful view. W. C. ALDRICH, Port Deposit, Md.

Massachusetts

Large cottage on Martha's Vineyard near East Chop light, facing Vineyard Sound
Five rooms on first floor; five bedrooms, bath, and porch on second floor. Garage. Rent for season, $950. By the month, July $450; August $550. 4,169, Outlook.

Rockport, Mass.
QUALITY HOUSE, medium size, for sale
in fine restricted section; ocean view, lovely grounds, convenient to Country Club; only $30,000. HELEN L. THURSTON, Exclusive Agent, 20 Pleasant St. Tel. 80 Rockport.

New Jersey

Montclair, N. J. From now till Sept. 15 my desirably located home, furnished. 5 bedrooms. Near station. Nominal rent to right parties. F. A. Arnold, 470 Fourth Ave., N. Y. Tel. Caledonia 2200.

BUNGALOW FOR RENT
Artistic 3-room studio-bungalow, on Manasquan River, 8 miles south Asbury Park; walking distance from ocean, post office, station. $250 season. Christians only. 4,149, Outlook.

FOR RENT: July 1 to Labor Day
Beautiful Colonial home with refined furnishings, in private park. Surrounded by trees, woods in rear. 7 rooms, fireplace, screened porch, garden, garage. Rent reasonable to right party. May be seen by appointment. A. B. H., 718 Varsity Road, South Orange, N.J. Telephone: South Orange, 342J.

New York

ADIRONDACKS, FORDWAY CAMPS. Auger Lake For Gentiles. New, attractive furnished housekeeping bungalows. Boating, bathing, fishing. Season $150 to $250, including ice, firewood, and rowboat. A few restricted camp sites for sale. MACE & NICOLLS, Keeseville, N. Y.

For Sale or Rent 2,100 acres in the Adirondacks, large set of buildings, several million feet of timber, small lake on property. An ideal place for summer home, game preserve, or country club. 4,049, Outlook.

Vermont

DORSET, VERMONT
For rent, a six-room cottage with bath. Address Mrs. W. B. SHELDON.

To Let for this Season at greatly reduced rates, fine summer home in northern Vermont. Write for particulars. 4,097, Outlook.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

WANTED—Partner in established battery and tire business in Charlotte, N. C. Paid in capital, $5,000. Address R. L. Allston, 200 West Third St., Charlotte, N. C.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

SCHOOLS, hospitals, hotels, clubs, tearooms, welfare organizations, supplied with workers. Positions for secretaries, social workers, superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

HELP WANTED

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite S-5842, Washington, D. C.

HELP WANTED

HOUSEKEEPER—Willing to go to Nantucket Island for summer. Cooking and partial care of two children age 5 and 7. Permanent position for right person. Communicate with Mrs. N. V. Donaldson, 14 Briar Lane, New Haven, Conn.

LECTURERS WANTED, also organizers to conduct personality and vocational institutes. Men and women of unquestioned character and stability required for permanent work. Address Edward Amherst Ott, Educational Director, Personality Training Institute, Conservatory Bldg., Ithaca, N. Y.

WANTED, a nurse (trained or practical) to take position at small Bear Mountain camp during July and August. For particulars apply to New York Association for the Blind, 111 East 59th St., New York City.

WANTED—Family living 150 miles from New York City are desirous of finding primary grade teacher to instruct and take full supervision of two girls, 9 and 4. Must be 100% American and Protestant. In answering give college experience and references. Personal interview can be arranged. 6,130, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

BY clergyman's daughter, position as companion to elderly lady—secretarial, household accounts, reading, etc. Reference permitted to Rt. Rev. A. C. A. Hall, Burlington, Vt. Address 6,146, Outlook.

CAMP positions wanted by two young ladies, together preferred; one experienced as recreational director, the other qualified as camp secretary or basketry instructor. 6,125, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, art student, desires position as traveling companion, tutor, or governess. Protestant. 6,143, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, woman with business and library experience, desires position New York, preferably with publishing house. 6,140, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED boy's tutor for summer. Mathematics, sciences, history, German. Head of preparatory school mathematics department. 6,111, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED caterer and buyer making change in September desires position in school or club. 6,119, Outlook.

FRENCH dressmaker wishes work by day. Town or country. Coats, dresses, lingerie, curtains, etc. Mademoiselle Vernon, 830 Park Ave., New York.

GOVERNESS, exceptional long references, personal New York City recommendations. Children, 2-15 years. Schoolwork, English, German, Spanish, little French. 6,142, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse, of four years' experience as school nurse, wishes summer engagement in Maine camp. 6,138, Outlook.

KINDERGARTEN teacher wishes position for summer; companion or governess. 6,134, Outlook.

MANAGING housekeeper. Experienced, educated, refined. 6,141, Outlook.

NURSE, reliable, desires responsible position with invalid. Physician's reference. Can go anywhere. 6,115, Outlook.

QUALIFIED workers for church and religious organizations available for autumn positions. EXECUTIVE SERVICE CORPORATION (agency), 1515 Pershing Square Building, New York City.

REFINED Protestant girl, prep. school graduate, desires position for summer as companion for young children; could tutor in English, French, and Latin. Can drive car. References exchanged. 6,145, Outlook.

SUPERINTENDENT institution, camp director, supervisor, or teacher manual training, drawing position in fall. California preferred. Miss Warner, Mountain Lakes, N. J.

TEACHER and principal, aged 29, of private school, desires suitable occupation during summer in or near New York City. 6,106, Outlook.

WANTED, by an experienced registered Red Cross nurse, position as director or hostess of children's summer camp. References exchanged. 6,117, Outlook.

WANTED—College graduate, high school and grade teacher of English and music, good family, desires position as companion, governess, or teacher. Excellent references. 6,116, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as assistant to matron in children's fresh air home for summer. References. 6,148, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

EXCELLENT care given to small children during summer vacation on a farm. Write Mrs. E. R. Wyman, Starksboro, Vt.

DOCTOR'S widow, having attractive home with improvements in a quiet part of the Berkshires, would provide a home and care for one or two guests. References. 6,144, Outlook.

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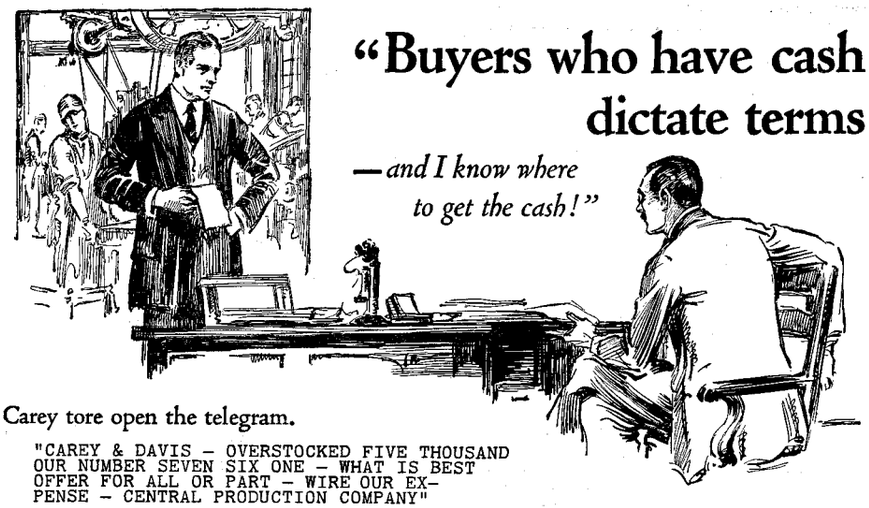

"Buyers who have cash dictate terms

—and I know where to get the cash!"

Carey tore open the telegram.

"CAREY & DAVIS – OVERSTOCKED FIVE THOUSAND OUR NUMBER SEVEN SIX ONE – WHAT IS BEST OFFER FOR ALL OR PART – WIRE OUR EXPENSE – CENTRAL PRODUCTION COMPANY"

HERE was another opportunity for Carey & Davis to make a real profit—if only they had more capital. How disgusted Carey was with that word *if;* it had stopped them like a stone wall many times before. They might wire an offer for a long term dating, but—

With an air of hopelessness Carey handed the telegram to his junior partner.

When Davis had read the telegram, however, he turned to his desk and started figuring. In a few moments he returned. "Wire them that we'll take the entire lot at $1.85, net 10 days. That's $9,250—and I know where to get the cash!"

As the senior partner turned in amazement, the younger man reassured him: "You know, I investigated that Finance Service Plan we were reading about last month. Well, it was made to order for a case like this. Look at those figures."

Then he showed his partner, in black and white, how the cost of obtaining the needed cash under the Finance Service Plan was negligible in comparison with the profit they could make.

"And it's ten to one," he added, "that the Central Production will accept our offer. Buyers who have cash dictate terms; buyers who lack cash must dicker for them."

* * * * * *

The Finance Service Plan provides a way for responsible manufacturers and jobbers to obtain, over long or short periods, a steady supply of ready cash. We advance, immediately upon shipment of merchandise, 75% of the net amount of each invoice. You receive the remaining 25% when the accounts are paid. You collect from your customers as usual, and your banking relations are not disturbed.

Low Rates on Finance Service

To use our service you now pay only $150 per annum, and no other charge except 1/30 of 1% per day from date of discount until accounts are paid. The nominal charge of $150 covers all transactions in any 12 consecutive months, regardless of volume; and 1/30 of 1% per day is but 33⅓ cents on each $1,000.

The Finance Service Plan has been tested by time and has proved profitable to hundreds of concerns in 21 States of the East, Middle West and South. You are not experimenting when you use this plan. You gain a position where ready cash is always at your command when you need it.

Write today for full particulars about the Finance Service Plan

FINANCE SERVICE COMPANY

Capital and Surplus $1,750,000

American Building - Baltimore, Maryland

COMMERCIAL BANKING SERVICE FOR MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS

The Boston is the only adjustable garter made without metal on face of pad —hence the **Pad without a Pucker.** For real service insist on having Bostons.

George Frost Company, Boston, *Makers of* Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for Women, Misses and Children

You May

help a well-known National relief organization, which needs several automobiles to aid in raising money in this country. Its funds cannot be spent for such purposes.

Why Not

donate the car you are planning to trade in on a new one as your contribution?

Of Course

complete information concerning the organization and the use your gift would be put to will be furnished. Just communicate with

4,137, Outlook.

By the Way

"KING your fondness for epitaphs" (we admit it), writes a subscriber from New York City, "I am sending you the following inscription, which is supposed to have appeared on a tombstone:

Here lies the body of Amos J. Riley
Aged 54 years, weight 250 pounds

Open wide ye golden gates

Perhaps it did appear and perhaps it didn't. Anyway, here's an inscription, even more confiding, that a lady from Richfield Springs, New York, swears she saw on a stone in a cemetery in Newport, New York:

David Willoughby died of Epilepsy Nov. 3rd 1831
Æ 65 years. In 30 years he had 1560 fits—

From the "Western Christian Advocate:"

A young sport who answered an advertisement offering to send some tips on the horses received for his dollar a card with this advice on it:

Horses to follow—Hearse horses.

Horses to back—Hobby horses.

Horses to put something on—Saw horses.

Horses to let alone—Race horses.

A Scripture riddle:

There is a strange and wonderful prophet, whose generation was before the creation of Adam; he is not the Wandering Jew, nor the Levite, nor John the Baptist, for he was before them all. The Scriptures make mention of him in John, Luke, and Mark, so we may believe he is no impostor.

His beard is such as no man ever wore; he goes barefooted like a Gray Friar, wears no hat, summer or winter; but often appears with a crown on his head.

His coat is neither knit nor woven, silk, hair, nor linen. He is a teetotaler. He prefers a humble dwelling to a palace. He is very watchful; sleeps not in a bed, but sits on a singular place with his clothes on. He was with Noah in the ark, and was at the crucifixion. All the world heard him at one time. He once preached a short sermon which convinced a man of his sins.

Though he never rode on horseback, he is sometimes equipped as horsemen are. He is an advocate of early rising, though he never goes to bed. When you hear his voice at night, you may know what is approaching.

Who is this wonderful prophet?

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